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THE CRITIC.

PHILOSOPHY THE HARMONISER.

MANY are the uses of Philosophy; but, perhaps, it has no higher use, no holier mission, than to reconcile certain grand antagonistic elements in our being which, though much affecting the most ambitious speculations of our intellect, yet have a relation as near and operative with the transactions of our daily life. From no man, even the most mechanical, prosaic, and sordid, can the deep things of the spirit be quite shut out; and no man, however mystical, however plunged in abstractions, can exclude so entirely the external world, its pressure, its perils, its perplexities, as to feel that he has no lot or portion there. Both classes, as well they who work only for the perishing, as they who yearn with the ardour of a boundless love for the imperishable, have to wrestle with certain primordial problems which have their roots in the very substance and foundation of the Universe. Of those problems one has always stood out with a prominence from which no revolutions of thought will ever displace it. By how many ages, by how many doubting, by how many faithful souls, has not the question been asked—whether the will of man be free! How hot have been the debates, how subtle the discussions, regarding the mutual bearings of divine predetermination and human responsibility! Now in this, as in all similar inquiries, there is a large part which is mere scholastic skirmishing, mere pedantic prate; but there is a larger part which has the closest connexion with our duties and our deeds. Metaphysics can never be a wholly barren region; to despise metaphysics is to despise ideas, and to despise ideas is to despise the adorable fountain of all ideas—God. By what but ideas is society ruled? What are institutions but the visible expressions of ideas? It has become the custom to chatter about hero-worship; but what is a hero at any time other than an Idea Incarnate? We have all an interest, then, at once profounder and more practical than we think in this mighty question of Free Will. And it becometh us all to pierce into the marrow thereof as boldly and as comprehensively as we can. We shall be wiser as well as better men to the extent that we see more clearly into its meaning. It is not our intention to enter on the whole vast subject, but to glance at that aspect of it which brings to most earnest minds from time to time a sort of tragical dismay. Such minds experience, whenever they resolve to march on toward a loftier sainthood than they have yet reached, a strange and terrible war between their moral instincts and their religious aspirations. As to the essentials of goodness, those instincts and aspirations are agreed. The rectitude which the moral sentiment seeks is sister to the purity for which the religious sentiment longs. But it is in the instrumentalities that the conflict arises. What nobler sign of the truest religious emotion than the entire annihilation of the individual will, the un murmuring surrender of every faculty and feeling to the Will of God! Yet what does Conscience, the treasury and the force of our moral existence, energetically and pertinaciously aim at but the assertion and the culture of the individual will? Here, then, behold battle and confusion where melody sweet as the music of our dreams should alone be found. But if we listen to the voice of philosophy, we learn that there is no real difficulty in the matter, and that the conflict in this as in all the other departments of the divine administration, is only permitted that the glorious unity of that administration may be more visible to men. One condition indispensable to all fecund result from the philosophical investigation of this subject, must be the admission that it is vain to speak of God's providence unless providence signify predetermination. To foresee must be to fore-ordain. The point, then, in dispute can never be whether God foreordains or not, for the denial of foreordination is equivalent to Atheism, but whether the recognition of foreordination be compatible with the perfect consciousness of our individual responsibility toward the foreordainer. What has hitherto prevented that compatibility from being acknowledged as possible is the erroneous notion that the moral and religious relations of our race to God are precisely of the same kind; whereas they essentially differ. In religion our whole nature flows forth toward the whole attributes of Deity. Every religious breathing is a catholic breathing; every religious act is a catholic act. But in our moral rela-

tions to God we behold, we adore only one divine attribute, the attribute of justice. In the first case it is God the infinitely diffusive, in the other, it is God the invincibly retributive in whose presence we stand. God, however, as the infinitely diffusive, does not manifest his will to us more than any of his other attributes; consequently, as religious beings, we can never fight against God's will, we can never place our will in opposition to his. And when it costs us a great effort to sacrifice our own will to God's, we may be manifesting, perhaps, that we are very earnestly striving after the religious life, but we are as clearly manifesting that we are not yet religious. When, therefore, we speak of submission to the divine will as a most pregnant sign of religious perfection, it is not a conscious prostration of the individual will which is thereby understood, but the unconscious surrender of every faculty to that spiritual opulence which flows in from all sides on the devout soul. In our moral relations with Deity, on the other hand, no surrender of our individual will to the divine will is required of us, but rather that we should so strengthen and educate our individual will that it may cooperate with the Will of God, when we view God as the God of Justice, the kingly and conquering dispenser of sublimest retributions. Now, though it is possible for a noble bosom to feel both the moral relations and the religious relations to God with prodigious intensity, yet it cannot feel them both in the same degree. When the religious element is strong then the moral element cannot have the same strength, and God as the Diffusive, far more than as the Retributive, will habitually visit the thoughts. But when the moral element is much stronger than the religious element, the eye will ever be quick to see God's avenging lightnings flashing, while it will only now and then glance at the pouring forth as from a fountain of His blissful light. Religion can never be immoral, but it never consciously seeks for moral results. Morality can never be irreligious, but it never consciously seeks for religious results. Neither is it right in any instance to infer the moral from the religious, or the religious from the moral; nor contrariwise to deny the existence of the moral from the absence of the religious, or the existence of the religious from the absence of the moral. On all these things the world needs an instruction which it is not likely soon to receive from its professed teachers of morality and religion, and which those teachers cannot give till they rise to more catholic views of human nature; views, however, which they cannot attain without bravely facing that question of Free Will to which perhaps no system, except Stoicism, has given a reply at once practical, wise, and noble. As moral beings, Stoicism urges us to be strong, that through our strength we may the better do God's will; as religious beings, it urges us to submit to divine necessities and divine decrees, that we may the better harmonize with that will. Stoicism, however, admirable as it was in many respects, could never have poured religious influences into the universal human heart; for grand as were its religious appeals, it was to the moral principles in human nature that it mainly spoke. In this its most important difference from Christianity consists, which addressed itself chiefly to the religious capacities and yearnings of mankind, and only offered moral inducements and proclaimed moral duties incidentally. And, indeed, if Christianity had made ethical truth coequal with religious doctrine, it could never have conquered with such miraculous might the nations of the globe. It is evident that the ideas of morality held by the Christian Church in the early ages of its history, and especially by the Fathers, were very loose and low. To multiply theological dogmas, to add to the cumbrousness of ceremonial, to prove zeal by the denunciation of heresies and the persecution of heretics, these were the things that occupied the aims and the efforts of men, to the total overshadowing of moral obligation. Nothing moral was taught, and, of course, nothing moral was practised. If divine deeds were done, they arose from religious inspiration, and borrowed nothing from moral incitements and enforcements. The idea of justice in those strange times had altogether perished; but in its place came the Spirit of Mercy, though often erring from excess of tenderness. Saint AUGUSTINE said that it is the duty of the priest to intercede for the guilty; and, amid the clang of arms and the jangle of theological controversy, how heroically was that duty fulfilled! Romanism, though striving after more perfect organiza-

tion and more political influence than the Christian Church of the first centuries, yet, in other respects, differed little therefrom. In the one as in the other, dogmatism, ceremonial, and the spirit of mercy, were the leading agencies; in the one as in the other, there was no direct attempt at moral teaching. We do signal wrong to Romanism then in blaming it for neglecting what it never professed to aspire at or accomplish. What it had a mission to do it did; it gave Europe the religious leaven which for a thousand years was the vigorous source of its growth and its glory. But the religious leaven exhausted itself, and whenever this happens the moral nature of man, the energy of individual will, springs up in anger and in agony once more. This is the meaning of Protestantism. It has been supposed that Protestantism was a reassertion of the individual understanding; but it was rather, and in a far more potent degree, a reassertion of the individual will, a reassertion, that is, of the eternal principles of morality. But man cannot live by morality alone, though, sacrificing morality, he can live long by religion alone. And it is the perception of this fact which explains much of the disease and the despair from which society at present suffers. Society has been endeavouring for three hundred years to live on moral food, to the exclusion of religious. For, though churches have affected religious forms among Protestant nations, they have been discovered by the widest gulf from the substance and soul of the religious life. The most Protestant of modern nations is unquestionably the English; and it is the greatest of modern nations precisely because it has been so; the greatness of a nation always consisting in its being the apostle by mind and by muscle of whatever idea has become for a time the monarch of the world. Now what do we observe in the English character? What distinguishes the English from all other nations? Truthfulness. The English may wrap themselves up in all kinds of conventionalisms; but through the thickest wrappings pierces their abhorrence of a lie. Yet the very circumstance that the English are no longer satisfied with mere truthfulness, no longer satisfied with the heartiest and hugest detestation of falsehood, is proof enough that Protestantism, that the reassertion of the individual will, the reassertion of the eternal principles of morality, that these have ceased to be Man's fittest food. The very chaos, however, in the midst of which we are all tossed to and fro, the disruption of theological sects, the breaking down of political parties, the general downfall of the mere traditional, these and the like should rather inspire us with hope than otherwise; for they are prophets of a time when Religion and Morality shall work harmoniously together, when the prostration of the will in Religion shall not prevent the assertion of the individual will in Morality, and when the darkest cloud in metaphysics will scatter itself to smiles and dews in the natural deeds of men. The lesson to thee, Oh! Reader, is simply this; whenever thou art perplexed by the metaphysical difficulty of Free Will, draw near to Philosophy, the Harmoniser; it will teach thee that when thou wishest to be moral thou must assert and educate thy individual will, that when thou wishest to be religious thou must sacrifice thy individual will to the divine will; thus wilt thou be a Protestant and a Catholic in one; thus wilt thou add holiness to heroism.

KENNETH MORENCY.

THE WORK NEAREST US.

THE English people are not much given to abstractions; and yet it is from their tendency to overrate the importance of certain abstract principles that one chief obstacle to reform in their social, political, and religious institutions arises. The perplexity and the obstruction resulting from that tendency are all the greater in that both from inaptitude and disinclination the English never pursue the principle to its primal origin and essential basis. Most fanatical is their reverence for its dogmatic statement; but they shun all its ideal and philosophical relations. Hence, though generally regarded as the most practical of men, yet in many matters they are the most impractical, as nothing is so unrealizable as a dogma. And it is doubtful whether they would ever be stirred out of their customary inaction if the pressure of some terrible necessity did not now and then threaten to devour them. Guizot has written a book with the title:—"Why

did the English Revolution succeed?" To which the fittest reply would be, that all revolutions succeed; for if they do not succeed then they are not revolutions. But if there be any cause why English revolutions have preeminently succeeded, we must seek it in the circumstance that it is through the influx of volcanic and irresistible forces into the usual torpor of English existence that the English are impelled to do some grand political act which shakes the two poles and flames across all coming centuries, and not through any strong purpose to give incarnation to an idea. Thus, as there is no caprice of will bringing the progress, there is no caprice of will to bring retrogression. What, however, makes an English revolution complete and gives it conservative permanence and tenacity becomes a hindrance to the safest and most reasonable changes. Hence, we are compelled to submit to the most preposterous anomalies till the lava flood of some tremendous fatality once more comes roaring down amongst us. This stupid, stagnant conservatism, embedded in which the English are content to live, is not exactly a thing to boast of, though the English are so fond of boasting of it. It proves simply the absence of ideas. MACHIAVELLI, we believe, has called Opinion the Queen of the World. It is not the queen of the English world, where Habit is omnipotent. Now against this despotic habit there is never in England any intelligent or emphatic protest. For this is only possible when men are ruled by ideas; and the English cannot rise to the height and heroism of an idea. The only way in which they try to escape from the tyranny of habit is dogma, which in their case is only habit in another form. For instance, one of their favourite dogmas is that about rights. Excessive and incessant is the babblement about the rights of Englishmen. But what this dogma means we shall find no one able to tell us, and for the very sufficient reason that it has neither root nor ramification in idea. It is the double empire of Habit and Dogma which presents nearly the whole of English life as a mass of unfused, and therefore of wasted activities. Every idea is generative and brotherly; it produces fruits and has relation to all other ideas. But every dogma stands by itself, begets nothing and is related to nothing. It would seem, therefore, that the efforts of the strenuous and earnest amongst us ought to be given to the following objects; first, the accomplishment of whatever practical reforms appear most immediately attainable; secondly, the breaking down of that stupifying habit which our countrymen dignify with the name of conservatism; thirdly, the substitution among the English of fecund ideas for barren and often barbarous dogmas.

KENNETH MORENCY.

HISTORY.

Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary. By General KLAPKA. Translated from the Original Manuscript by OTTO WENCKSTERN. In 2 vols. London: GILPIN. 1850.

THE glorious struggle for freedom and independence which has terminated, for a time, so unfavourably for the cause of liberty and religion, has lost none of its interest by reason of its ill-success. It lives in the hearts and memories of the generation who were spectators of it—it will be referred to with pride by the generations to come. Right welcome, then, is every authentic contribution to the facts of that holy warfare.

But there is none from whom they will be received with more respect and confidence than from General KLAPKA—himself one of the leaders in the ranks of the freemen. But, valuable as these volumes will be as materials for history, they want the coherency necessary to keep up the attention throughout. His principal aim was to justify himself, and explain the causes of failure. He attributes the turning of the tide of victory wholly to the bad generalship, if not treachery, of GEORGEY, in not properly following up the raising of the

siege of Komorn. But first hear what he says of

THE CHARACTER OF GEORGEY.

GEORGEY was a soldier throughout. A Spartan education, an innate and carefully fostered stoicism, which at times ran into cynicism, and a manner of thought positive, and foreign to all ideal creations of the mind, impressed his character with that striking roughness which was at war with all forms, and which caused him to look with deep aversion on the "pomp, pride, and circumstance" of commonplace revolutions, and the unruly proceedings of an excited crowd. These sentiments, and his attachment to a legitimate power, remained in him unshaken, even amidst the overpowering storm of a Revolution. So long as the Hungarian Government of 1848 moved on a so-called "legal pivot,"—so long as their actions had the King's name and authority, they found in GEORGEY one of their staunchest adherents, and one who was firmly resolved—as indeed he proved it by the execution of the Count Eugen Zichy,—to support them, with all the energy of his iron will, against the Austrians, whom he hated as the hereditary enemies of his country. But when, after the resignation of the Batthyany Cabinet, he received the commands of the Government, not from the constitutional Hungarian War Office—but from a committee of whom the major part were civilians, who had no knowledge of military things, he appears to have become impregnated with the conviction, that the fate of the country could only be decided by a soldier. After the fatal battle at Shwechat (in autumn 1848) he was appointed to the command of the army on the Upper Danube. And when this appointment opened an unlimited field to his ambition—when he looked around and found no military character that could vie with his, the thought was but natural, that fate had destined him to play that lofty part.

Still it was error of judgment, and not treason, that produced the fatal revulse that turned the fortunes of the war.

The 26th of April was the day on which Komorn was relieved. Such days occur in the life of nations as well as of individuals. They pass by on the swelling tide, which, taken at the flood, leads to glory, and, if neglected, to misery and ruin. The fate of Hungary and the fate of the Austrian Empire lay in the hands of General GEORGEY. If his resolution had been bold, its execution rapid and energetic, he would have ensured the greatest success, and immortalized his name among the chiefs of his heroic country. But General GEORGEY, though inimitable in the field of battle, was undecided and wavering in his plans. He allowed days to pass before he could make up his mind as to the purpose of his next operations. On the one side lay Vienna with its profligate court and mercenary army, trembling at the approach of the avengers, who were to unfetter and turn the tide of popular fury against them. On the other hand lay Buda, with its royal castle, and its historical reminiscences, the centre and the heart of our own beloved Hungary. GEORGEY turned away from Vienna, and attacked Buda; with this decision the die was cast, and the favourable moment was gone, never again to return. His fatal resolution has repeatedly been branded with the name of treason. This sweeping condemnation is, to the best of my opinion, unsupported by the facts of the case.

Of KOSSUTH he speaks rapturously. He was, emphatically, an honest, single-minded man—a true noble: it was hatred of KOSSUTH's superior talents and virtue, that made GEORGEY a traitor. Who would not be the exiled KOSSUTH, rather than the rich but despised betrayer of his countrymen. "We still have judgment here." Another cause of Hungarian weakness, was a want of confidence in the military chief. War cannot be directed by a distant executive; it requires promptitude, and that instinct of safety which only arises in the mind of a general having the responsibility, and seeing the circumstances as they arise, and which can neither be communicated to others, nor be judged by them. On this point General KLAPKA says:

The question whether or not a legislative assembly is equal to the task of conducting, or even of allowing others to conduct, military operations, has by repeated distressing experiences, been finally settled. Generals and legislators are either of them excellent in their generation, but they cannot co-operate. The Hungarian insurrection was indeed peculiar in its nature. To force it down to the standard of a commonplace revolution would be wrong. In its first period, when the treasonable intrigues of Austria were still secretly at work, there can be no doubt but that the continuance of the Parliament was expedient, useful, and even necessary, for its firm and majestic bearing foiled all the attempts of the Austrian courtiers and their underlings, no matter how great their activity and effrontery. . . . But when the rising and the resistance became general; when the Austrian attempts by cunning or by violence to subjugate us, were met by the strength of the whole nation: the existence of a legislative body could but paralyze the military operations and the proceedings of the administration. But since the Parliament remained assembled, that body ought to have risen in independence, strength, and majesty (especially after the declaration of the repudiation); in such times of unequalled difficulties they ought to have controlled the government; they ought not to have stooped to be the tools of individuals: the Parliament ought to have stood forth as the firm centre of a legalized insurrection. . . . But if the Parliament could not or would not move in the circle to which I adverted, that assembly ought to have been dissolved, and the dictatorial power given into the hands of the man who enjoyed the fullest confidence of the people.

We cannot resist another paragraph on **GEORGEY'S** conduct.

Had **Görgey**, in these days of danger, (if indeed he felt it within him so to do,) freely and boldly seized the extremest measures; had he grasped the dictatorial power, for the purpose of gaining an honourable peace for his mangled country; his nation and history would be compelled to honour him as a patriot and a man of great deeds. His true friends, and even **Kossuth**, if his confidence had been but responded to, would have thrown the whole weight of their influence into his scale. They would have silenced that weak and timid portion which was always prosing about military despotism and such like scarecrows. Fresh from victory, swaying the powers of the nation at his will, his might have been a proud position indeed; and proudly might he have offered the hand of reconciliation in the name of his heroic people. If not accepted, that hand might have been raised to wage the war of annihilation and a twofold vengeance, and an iron perseverance would have crowned that war with success. **Görgey** ought to have risen to the height of **Cromwell**, to save the liberty, honour, and independence of Hungary, and with them the honour of his own name. But fate had not made him for such high things. Instead of acting openly, he was close and mysterious to his friends, and vindictive and inexplicable in his dealings with the Government. All his endeavours seemed to tend, by petty jealousies, to increase his popularity with the Upper Army, and to weaken the authority of the Government. It was his boast to display an iron character, but he wanted the courage to aim at supreme power—he wanted the boldness to grasp it. It was only when the battle of **Raab** had been fought—when overpowering hostile forces were concentrated in the heart of the country, that he dropped his mask; but it was not to stand forth and take the lead of the nation; it was not to lead us to victory or death. No! it was for the purpose of a divorce of his own lot, and that of his troops, from the fate of his country; it was for the purpose of a disgraceful surrender of his victorious arms.

The translation is well executed, and the work will be an acceptable addition to the book-club list.

Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain.
By **EDMUND LODGE**, F. S. A. In 2 vols. Vol. 8.
Bohn.

This completes the first work in **MR. BOHN'S Illustrated Library**. The volume contains no less than thirty portraits of persons famous in the annals of Great Bri-

tain, beginning with **LORD HAWKE**, in 1781, and ending with the **Duke of Wellington**. They are engraved on steel in the first style of art, from authentic pictures by **REYNOLDS**, **DANCE**, **RAMSAY**, **GAINSBOROUGH**, **HOPNER**, **OPIE**, **ABBOT**, **CHALON**, **SIR T. LAWRENCE**, and **KNIGHT**. The biographical memoir that accompanies each is distinguished for the accuracy, yet brevity, in which **MR. LODGE** excelled. Its cheapness is wonderful, being just twopence per engraving, with letter-press and binding into the bargain. The eight volumes will be an ornament to the book-shelf.

A Chronicle of the Conquest of Grenada; to which is added, Legends of the Conquest of Spain. By **WASHINGTON IRVING**. In 2 vols. Bohn. 1850.

THE historical library is indebted to **MR. BOHN** for having introduced to it this cheap edition of **WASHINGTON IRVING'S** "Conquest of Grenada." It has been added to the "Shilling Series," so that it is brought within the means of the whole reading community. But, though called a chronicle, it is more interesting than any romance, for it abounds in anecdote and personal adventure.

A History of Charlemagne. By **G. P. R. JAMES**, Esq. Churton.

MR. CHURTON has stepped into the field of cheap literature, and is about to produce his series of eighteen-penny volumes. He begins well, with an attractive book, by a writer of note. We prefer **MR. JAMES'S** histories to his novels, and this of "Charlemagne" is one of his best.

CLASSICS.

The Works of Horace. Translated literally into English Prose. By **C. SMART**, A.M. A new edition by **T. A. BUCKLEY**, B.A. London: Bohn. 1850.

A LITERAL prose translation of **HORACE** cannot be expected to be read with any satisfaction by those who can read the original; but it is only by such a translation that persons who are ignorant of Latin can acquire an accurate knowledge of the original. No translation in poetry has ever yet succeeded in conveying even a faint reflex of the spirit of the great lyric poet of Rome. **SMART'S** translation has always been deemed the most accurate in our language; and it may be conveniently used by students. This reprint of it in **BOHN'S** admirable Classical Library has been enriched by notes, well selected, which help much to make the text intelligible. But we would suggest to **MR. BOHN** whether it would not be a valuable and acceptable addition to publish also a poetical translation, not by any one hand, but selecting from all sources the best translation of each ode that has been made.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe, M.D. By **GEORGE COMBE**. Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Stewart. 1850.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

IN March, 1834, **DR. COMBE** published his *Principles of Physiology as applied to Education and Health*. 750 copies of it were sold in a few months. He was offered 40*l.* for the second edition, but declined it, and on applying to **MURRAY**, the London publisher, it was rejected by him also. **DR. COMBE** then resolved to print it at his own risk, and fortunate it was for him that he did so, for, before his death in 1847, no less than 28,000 copies of this popular work had been sold.

His health still continuing precarious, he resolved to cease from practice for three years, and devote himself to such leisure as his active mind would permit. He again visited France and was warmly welcomed by his old friends there.

During the summer of 1835, he resided at Edinburgh, and was often consulted professionally by his former patients.

In January, 1836, through the recommendation of **SIR JAMES CLARK**, he was appointed Physician to the King of the Belgians, and this was the manner of it, as related by **SIR JAMES**:

It is quite natural that you should wish to know what led me to recommend your brother as physician to the King of the Belgians. At that period I had but a very slight personal acquaintance with **DR. COMBE**; indeed, I had then forgotten that I had ever seen him. He was known to me by his work on Physiology, by a few letters, and by a written consultation, which was submitted to me, and which alone would have enabled me to form an opinion of his professional acquirements and judgment.

When the King of the Belgians expressed a desire that I should recommend a physician to his nephew the King of Portugal, **DR. COMBE** immediately occurred to me as a physician admirably qualified for such an appointment; and, at the same time, I thought that the climate of Lisbon was likely to prove beneficial to his health, which I knew to be delicate. The inquiries which I instituted among my medical friends in Edinburgh satisfied me that I had formed a just estimate of your brother's character and qualifications.

In the mean time, however, it had been arranged that a German physician should accompany the Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Portugal; but so strongly was the King of the Belgians impressed by the character he had received of **DR. COMBE**, that he expressed a strong desire to have him as his own physician. This was accordingly arranged to the satisfaction of both, and **DR. COMBE** immediately joined the Royal Family at Brussels.

He went to Brussels accordingly, but found the climate still more injurious to his constitution than that of Edinburgh, and after a short residence, he was compelled to abandon his post. He thus, in a letter to **SIR JAMES CLARK**, describes

THE CLIMATE OF BRUSSELS.

If the autumn here is attended with the rains usual to the season, assuredly the palace in Brussels must be a much more healthy residence than that of Laeken after October. It not only stands higher, and in a purer air, but it is more remote from the dampness of the low grounds, and is, besides, surrounded by all the dryness of well-paved streets and inhabited houses from which the water runs away without leaving damp. I am satisfied that this is a very important element in the salubrity of cities, and one not sufficiently taken into account.

In judging of climates, we must take into account not only the nature of the locality, and the produce which it bears, but also the prevalence or non-prevalence of fresh breezes and high winds as ordinary elements. If there is generally little or no wind, the immediate *entourage* of a place becomes of triple consequence, because the air rests over it, or passes so slowly as to become imbued with all its exhalations. If it is also wooded, this result will be doubly sure, because the wood both obstructs the free circulation of air from a distance and furnishes exhalations of its own. If, on the other hand, a locality is visited daily by fresh breezes, as we have in that temple of the winds—Edinburgh, the immediate *entourage* is of less consequence, because then the air comes freely from a distance, and the general nature of the country is more influential on the climate of all its parts. Now, in Belgium, stiff breezes, such as we have, are rare, and trees abound; hence, from there being no rapid renewal of air, each province seems to have its own peculiar climate, in a more decided sense than different districts of our own country. It is true that, for ten days past, we have had moderate breezes in plenty, and, in consequence, every one is wondering where the wind comes from, and why it is so cold. On the above principle, the masses of trees round Laeken cannot fail to affect its healthiness, notwithstanding the beauty of their appearance. If they do not attract or exhale moisture in abundance, although in an invisible form, how does it happen, that when trees are cut down, springs diminish or disappear, and wells dry up, where previously water never failed? To my eyes, the rounded form and lyn-

phatic constitutions of the northern and western Belgians betoken humidity of climate; and as to mental vivacity, how far are they behind the French, who live in a drier and healthier atmosphere! Go into the market of a morning, when it is crowded in every corner and despatch is pre-eminently required, you find the same slow, good-natured, and immovable countenances, as if there was nobody present but yourself, and you had half the day to devote to purchasing a halfpenny worth of cabbage. Compare that with the active bustle and impatience of the French, and still more of the Neapolitans, and the difference will be palpable enough. The Belgians, be it observed, do not want brains. They have more than the French; but then they require to be galvanised like the frog, to make them jump; whereas the brains of the French work so fast, that they require a safety-valve and a regulator to make them useful.

His native air revived him, and in November, he was so much better, that he revisited Brussels, and was kindly received by the Royal Family. The year 1836 closes with this satisfactory retrospect of his worldly success:

"I am much gratified," says he, "to know that — is recovered. Do not be uneasy at your unexpected deficit as regards him. My brother and some of my kindred are willing to help him, and as I am now becoming 'desperately rich,' it will give me real pleasure to turn a portion to such a good purpose. Last year, with practice, books, and other sources of emolument, I must have received the best part of 1000*l.*; and this year there is every probability of my gains coming nearer 1200*l.*; so that I can look to the evil day, and also spare something for him when he needs it. With an unbroken constitution I might have done more; but it is, or ought to be, a first object with every one to bear his own burden, and not throw it on the shoulders of his neighbours so long as he can carry it himself; and, therefore, I look to my own probable future."

In the spring of 1837, with recruited health, he resumed his professional practice. In a letter, dated February 26, addressed to a friend, who had consulted him about the natural dispositions of a youth in whom he was interested, he gives this admirable description of the

EFFECTS OF INORDINATE LOVE OF APPROBATION.

Unfortunately, Love of Approbation in him takes the direction of personal vanity, instead of higher objects; and hence, at any given moment, you can change the whole aspect of his character according as you gratify or disturb his Love of Approbation. Flatter his personal vanity, allow him to boast of his feats, and of the great things he intends to do when a great man, to ridicule those who pursue different objects or in a different way from himself, and let him imagine that you concur in admiring his wonderful doings, and in an instant you will have him in the full flow of openness, good humour, and folly. But hint seriously that such exhibitions are manifestations of empty vanity, that those he ridicules are more worthy of praise than himself, and that his boastings are childish and unworthy of his years, the scene instantly changes, and a cloud of dissatisfaction comes over him and continues till he thinks he may resume his favourite themes. From Self-Esteem not being in due proportion to Love of Approbation, there is a deficient sense of dignity; a willingness to pick up crumbs of approbation even at the hands of little schoolboys much younger than himself, and a want of that sober-minded reliance on his own powers which would make him care less for the wavering opinions of his companions. It is true that he does not care for *all* kinds of approbation, and thus seems sometimes callous to its influence. This, however, is merely because he values only that kind which his limited faculties comprehend. He cares not for approval in scientific pursuits, because he neither understands nor esteems them; and, to make approval be felt, it must come from a quarter which is looked up to for some reason or other. My Love of Approbation may, for example, make me wish to be held as a good doctor or an honest man, because I understand what these qualities are, and value them; but it may be very

indifferent although a herald were sent to proclaim at the cross that I am a bad painter or an indifferent mathematician. In the same way — would be very easy under a charge of inferiority in science, but he would be greatly disturbed at any charge of much less consequence that happened to touch his personal vanity. It is this which makes it often difficult to distinguish the workings of Love of Approbation from those of Self-Esteem; and yet, on reflection, it is seen that they obviously spring from distinct sources. Love of Approbation lays a man open to every wind that blows; and hence it is a never-ending source of caprice, and of an amiability with stranger which is often laid aside at home, the faculty not thinking it worth the trouble to please home-folks.

On the 22nd June, he addressed to Miss SEDGWICK, of New York, the following useful letter on the subject of

TEACHING PHYSIOLOGY TO CHILDREN AS PART OF THEIR EDUCATION.

I should have answered sooner your very kind letter of 7th May, which reached me on the 30th, but the little box which ought to have accompanied it did not make its appearance till three days ago—too late to enable me to avail myself of sending a packet from this by the return of the Roscoe. In the mean time, I cannot delay offering you my best acknowledgments for your very gratifying letter and present, which are among the most pleasing testimonies of the usefulness of my labours which I have ever received. Your anecdote of my young namesake is very cheering, because it is an evidence, among several others, that young minds can be interested by, and turn to good account, the knowledge of their own structure, and of the laws by which our functions are regulated. It is by impressing the young with useful truths that the greatest ultimate effect upon society is to be produced; and on that account I am peculiarly anxious to see physiological information made a part of the ordinary instruction communicated to the more advanced pupils at schools and academies—and, if possible, still more anxious to see its important applications to the promotion of human happiness inculcated in the example of parents and instructors. We cannot foresee the full extent to which physiology may be made available, until we have the practice and its results exhibited to the young in the conduct of their seniors; and if parents were duly impressed with the influence of their example as unequivocal evidence of their own truthfulness in teaching precepts, it would act as a strong stimulus to obedience in themselves to the laws of God. For this, however, a long time will be required; but that it will arrive I have the most firm faith. Every succeeding generation gets a step in advance; and as education is only beginning to be rightly understood, we may reasonably hope that our future progress will be in an accelerated ratio. Your valuable little book will teach a useful lesson to many parents as well as children, and by its reference of ordinary events to their proper causes, will lead the more reflecting among them to trace to their own conduct many of the evils which, in charity to themselves, they are pleased to roll over upon a Providence which seeks only their happiness.

Thus temperately does he address Dr. HIRSCHFELD, of Bremen, on the question of

HOMŒOPATHY.

I confess I shall be thankful to have an opportunity of seeing something of homœopathic practice under the auspices of an intelligent, cautious, and truth-seeking man like yourself; for I can learn nothing by mere reading. Many of Hahnemann's opinions seem to me so very unreasonable and even contradictory, that I cannot adopt them; and yet when I hear unquestionable facts mentioned, and know that *you*, for example, are convinced by experience of their soundness, I cannot but pause before I condemn. As yet I have not been able to see any homœopathic practice; and by facts and observation only can such a question be decided. Every day convinces me more and more that the common practice of medicine stands in need of as thorough reform as our political constitution lately did; and that, in England in particular, we err by attempting to coerce Nature, and substituting *our* ways for *hers*, instead of taking the animal machine as she has made it, and

trying merely to aid or restore the play of her own principles, as far more effective for our good than any we can put in their place. I think, accordingly, that we give greatly more medicine than is for the interest of any body except the apothecary; but that the infinitesimal doses of Hahnemann really produce effects which last for days or weeks (sometimes forty days), is so different from anything I have yet experienced, that, except from personal observation, I cannot believe it possible; and I hardly need repeat to you, that I much desire to witness such results. I should be thankful to see some exposition of the subject from your pen, and hope you will fulfil your intention of writing one in the form of letters. Many of the followers of Hahnemann, like those of Gall, are conceited and ignorant men, whose advocacy is sufficient to injure any cause, however good; and therefore the greater is the necessity for a shrewd, well-informed man like yourself, stating what you know in regard to it. If you really think of writing in the form of letters addressed to me, I shall be much gratified in accepting this mark of your goodwill, and pleased to have given you a motive to fulfil a right intention. All that I wish, however, in being so addressed, is to be considered as an inquirer, willing and anxious to receive light and truth, and not as already a follower. The sooner you shall set about this purpose the better.

Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.: comprehending an Account of his Studies and numerous Works, in Chronological Order, with his Correspondence and Conversations. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. With copious notes by MALONE. London: Washbourne. 1850.

ANOTHER edition of BOSWELL'S *Johnson*—the most remarkable biography the world has ever seen—a book unique of its kind, and of which it is not probable we shall ever behold the rival, for such a character as JOHNSON is not likely ever to co-exist with such a toady as BOSWELL. This edition is in one volume, and published at a small price, with all MALONE'S notes, so that it is sure of a wide circulation, wherever amusement is sought, for never was romance so amusing as this strange copy from nature.

A Life of Christopher Columbus. By HORACE ROSCOE ST. JOHN. London: S. Low.

ANOTHER memoir of COLUMBUS. But why written or printed, now that WASHINGTON IRVING'S biography of the great Navigator is to be procured for a shilling, the author best knows. Mr. ST. JOHN says he is following in his track. But what is the use of that? Is another memoir wanted? Does this one present any novelty? If not, why is it printed? If it does, why say that it follows another's track?

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family. By BAYLE ST. JOHN, author of "Adventures in the Libyan Desert."

A LIVELY book, full of original observation and shrewd remark. Mr. ST. JOHN is one of that rare but delightful class of travellers who present to us the impressions of their travel, instead of boring us with attempts to describe minutely the forms of things they have seen, and of which no words can ever convey to the mind of another a *distinct* idea. A good book of travels should be a personal narrative. The traveller should write for his readers in the same strain as he would have told them the story had they been gathered round him to listen. Thus told, travels anywhere—in the most beaten tracks of Germany, the Rhine, or Switzerland—would be amusing, and it is this individualizing of his narrative, combined with the novelty of his position, as a resident for two years in a Levantine family of the middle class, whereby he obtained an unusual insight into social customs and manners in the East, that has made Mr. ST. JOHN'S volume one of

the most interesting of the season, as a few extracts will show.

The following is one of the

ARABIAN GAMES.

The Arabs are far more amiable, far more jovial and open-hearted. They have their coffee-houses every night, and their religious festivities periodically; they play at all sorts of complicated games, resembling draughts and chess, and find means ingeniously to vary their sports. If they compromise their dignity, they succeed in whiling away their leisure time far more successfully than the pride-stuffed Levantine. One of their amusements—called the game of plaff—is worth mentioning, especially as it is not only indulged in by the vulgar, but formed the chief delight of the venerable Moharrem Bey himself. Two men, often with respectable grey beards, sit on a carpet at a little distance one from the other. All Easterns are usually dry smokers; but on this occasion they manage to foment a plentiful supply of saliva, and the game simply consists in a series of attempts on the part of the two opponents to spit on the tips of each other's noses. At first, this cleanly interchange of saliva goes on slowly and deliberately—Socrates never measured the leap of a flea with more seriousness: but presently one receives a dab in the eye, another in the mouth. They begin to grow hot and angry. "I hit your nose," cries one. "No, it was my cheek!" replied the other. They draw a little nearer, in order to ascertain the truth by feeling; spit, spit, they still go, like two vicious old cats; their palates grow dry; their throats become parched; but the contest continues, and they exhaust themselves in making spittoons of each other's faces and beards. Hamlet and Laertes were not more eager and desperate. "A hit, a very palpable hit!" they exclaim, as they hawk up their last supply of ammunition. Each denies the truth; they mutually proceed to a verification; and the game of plaff often ends in a regular match of nose-pulling.

Here is a sketch of

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

I have wasted much ink in vain, if by this time I have not conveyed a tolerably favourable idea of the character of Sitt Madoula. I have endeavoured to exhibit her as she was, with all her faults and imperfections, but also with all her virtues and good qualities. During the whole time of my residence we never had a serious misunderstanding; and, although my taste was often shocked by her conversation and sometimes by her conduct, she became the object of an affectionate respect on my part. I do not know whether this would have been the case with many besides myself; for most men seem more easily offended by a breach of the conventionalities of life, than impressed by the exercise of its simple virtues.

The Sitt, as I have hinted, differed in some respects from many of her countrywomen. She refused, for example, to submit to the authority of the priests; and forged, with the assistance of her own strong but uncultivated understanding, a curious system of philosophy. Though complying with some of the requirements of the Catholic religion,—as attending mass, paying for prayers for the dead, &c.,—she had become very incredulous about the efficacy of all these things, and steadfastly resisted any spiritual interference with her own private affairs; to carry out which object more effectually, she suppressed the sacrament of confession. In giving me the reasons for her emancipation, she related some very droll incidents—one of which, if I dared to repeat it, might occupy a page in the annals of humour; but there is no veil transparent enough to exhibit what is fitting to be exhibited, and at the same time opaque enough to hide what is fitting to be hid. I may mention, however, that she declared that during her husband's life in Syria, ladies used constantly to come to the house begging for medical assistance, to enable them to destroy the consequences of too intimate a confidence in their confessors.

The moral notions of the worthy Sitt were perhaps influenced by the laxity of her creed; but if ever she deviated from the strict rule, it was on the side of indulgence. Her own conduct—and, though she was a grandmother, she was but thirty-six years of age, with an eye and a lip that told of passions yet unextinguished—was irreproachable; and this was perhaps the reason

why she seldom thought it her duty to reproach others. In fine, she made allowances for age, for temperament, for example, for temptation; foresaw dangers; of two, chose the lesser evil; and applied, with reference to Iskender, some of the most controverted maxims of Rousseau.

Whilst exhibiting, however, in theory at least, rather more than maternal indulgence towards both myself and her son, she inflexibly condemned anything that resembled a defiance to public opinion. Thus, although she was willing to indulge us in the spectacle of the dancing girls, and preferred that we should satisfy our curiosity at home, without the risk of getting into a scrape, she contrived to put us off for a whole year, until the period of mourning had passed. Not long after the few days' grace which she allowed herself, and which were employed in preparing dresses of lighter colour and more agreeable form than that which she had so long worn, she announced her readiness to give a regular Levantine soiree—of which "the Awalim" were to form the principal attractions.

Now for a picture of

DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE LEVANT.

Halil Adin, whom I have already mentioned, and who from having been a servant in the house had become a small shopkeeper in one of the bazaars—*alias*, in the language of the country, a merchant—came in to supper; and we three—I, he, and Iskender, sat down at a little round table crowded with mezes—soup in a pie-dish in one corner, a bowl of melochiyeh (a glutinous kind of herb) in the middle, a plate of radishes supported on the edges of these two; a plate of kababs, or small pieces of mutton broiled on skewers, here, a dish of rice; there, flat cakes of bread thrust into every vacant place, with numerous limes, which are squeezed over every mess; three clean plates, one knife, four forks, two spoons; glasses placed on chairs by our sides with some extra dishes; Sitt Madoula stumping about on her stilt-like clogs, to see that everything was right; Wardy standing in the doorway with a water-cooler resting in the palm of her hand, ready to give us drink, and casting the beams of her bright eyes upon us; Ali lazily squatting down in the gallery outside; Hanna the Mad endeavouring to make himself generally useful—such were the elements of the scene as I remember it. I must not forget that Halil was famous as an enormous eater, and that the great joke at table was to count and exaggerate the number of bread-cakes he devoured. A few words of grace were rapidly uttered before and after the meal, during which water was the only drink. The Levantines eat very fast, start up as soon as they have done, and have water poured over their hands, which they also sometimes rub with lemon-juice, and then smoke. Iskender had been brought up to abhor tobacco and almost abstain from coffee. He was a peculiar instance. The Sitt generally took one or two shishehs, or water-pipes, every day. After supper I retired to the leewan, or raised part of the room, and sitting down on the divan, had a pipe brought to me—of course without a mouthpiece, it being a house of mourning. I had determined to conform as much as possible to their customs, and to live with them as they lived, sharing in their tribulations and joining in their amusements. In about half an hour, having despatched their meal as usual in the kitchen, Sitt Madoula and Wardy retired to their sleeping apartment; Ali had gone out, Hanna was asleep, and the black girls were chattering on the housetop, their favourite place. Iskender and Halil now produced their paper lanterns, and we started to see the fun.

Again, let us view the Sitt in another aspect; she was at least generous and profuse. This is a specimen of

EASTERN HOSPITALITY.

I never ceased to be a guest; and the only way in which I could put a stop to the worthy Sitt's profusion was, by saying that in hot weather the sight of much meat was unpleasant to me. Various dishes of vegetables were then substituted—artichokes of cauliflowers, or vegetable-marrows, or melochiyeh, with mountains of rice. Even when my appetite was at the best, I could only pick a bit here and there, whilst the Sitt came uneasily in and out, vexing herself to discover why I did not eat, watching the dishes I favoured most,

in order to redouble the quantity next day, and sometimes bursting out into reproaches. "What had she done? Why did I not eat? Had anything happened to offend me? What did I like best? Did I despise her cookery? Should she get a European servant from the hotel to come and give her lessons?" It was impossible to reason with her; but it was as impossible to be angry. So, with the assistance of a hungry cat and some perpetually-recurring kittens, called to my assistance when she turned her back, I did my best towards demolishing a tolerable amount of the good things set before me. The principal meals of the day are the dinner (ghada) and the supper (asha), the first taking place at noon, the second a little after sunset. There is seldom any great change in the dishes on these occasions. Now and then I invited some European friends to sup with me in the Levantine style. On the first occasion, I of course mentioned that I was willing to discharge any extra expense. This created a storm of indignation. "Were not my friends her friends? Was her house an hotel?" A torrent of such questions, half in Italian, half in Arabic, rushed forth with overwhelming violence, and I never ventured to make any allusion to the subject again. Whenever, therefore, I had any visitors, provided due warning was given, a profusion of everything was set forth, and the Sitt was always in a great bustle, and looked monastically pleased. Supper being over, she used to come simpering in, as she said, to enjoy European society, superintended the distribution of coffee and shishehs, said a few polite things, and then retired. Iskender sometimes endeavoured to remain late, and make himself agreeable; but portentous yawns betokened that he was struggling with a long habit. Presently we heard his mother's voice pronouncing his name; at first gently, and then, if he delayed obedience, in tones bordering on anger. She was waiting to put him to bed! Yes, this merchant, who talked so loudly in the bazaar, and bought and sold, and played the great man, was every night assisted to undress by his mother, and carefully tucked in! This was the only time, indeed, on which they ever had an opportunity of talking and discussing household affairs. I soon ceased to consider the circumstance extraordinary, and often went to join them. Iskender always slept in his Arab costume—loose cloth trousers, jacket, shawl, and tarboosh. It is the custom of the country to go to bed dressed. Some people seem never to undress, except at long intervals.

Here is

A SYRIAN CHRISTIAN.

When supper was brought in, Amn Lys, or Uncle Lys, as Iskender always respectfully called him, said a grace of twenty minutes before he sat down, and one of equal duration after he got up. He was perpetually counting his beads and uttering devout sayings—which partly accounted for his influence with the priests. He and I agreed very well at the beginning, although in our very first conversation he forced on a religious discussion, and plainly told me to what place all heretics were irrevocably doomed. On this and other occasions he strictly maintained that the earth is stationary, that it is surrounded by the sea, that the moon rises and sets, and that the stars are no bigger than they seem; and turned pale with indignation at any contrary statements, which he asserted to be direct attacks on the foundation of the Christian religion. Further experience taught me that he was a pretty fair representation of public opinion among a large class of Syrian Christians. He was an ardent desirer of French domination, and entertained the most stupid prejudices against the English. I generally found that the Levantines preferred the French, whilst we are great favourites with the Arabs.

Now for another interior of an Eastern household.

BUYING A SLAVE.

Whilst she was talking we heard the hoarse voice of a Jellabi in the court, and presently up came a dark bevy of half-clothed damsels for inspection. The owner, sitting down on a bench in the doorway below, quietly smoking, was ready to answer any questions. A rapid glance of Sitt Madoula's practised eye sufficed to detect those between whom she was likely to hesitate, and the others were at once sent away. I asked her the grounds on which she so peremptorily decided. "All those I

have dismissed have been in families before; I knew it by their way of standing, in spite of their being dressed like wild beasts. They have been sold by their masters in Cairo, and shipped to Alexandria. All the bad slaves and lame donkeys are sent down here. I know the tricks of these slave-dealers. May misfortune come to them!" She went on in this style for some time; and then suddenly turning to the younger of the girls, who stood huddled together in a corner, ordered her, in an insulting manner, to come forward, at the same time cursing her race. It is impossible to describe the expression of rage and hatred which shot, like a lightning flash, athwart the face of the girl, who thus, in an unguarded moment, betrayed that she still possessed all the wild, untamed feelings of her native wilds. I looked at once with interest upon her; for that glance revealed that not all the ill-treatment and suffering to which she had been subjected during a journey of thousands of miles, over deserts which we should consider it a mighty triumph to traverse, had broken her spirit and rendered her insensible to injury. To my mind, such a character would recommend itself. The readiest to resent ill usage are often the most susceptible of kindly impressions. But this young savage was at once judged by my prudent friend, who dismissed her to join her companions below, and applauded her own keen appreciation of character on beholding the look of scorn and defiance, that would have become a princess, with which she gathered her rags about her and walked away. "Now, come you here, child of the Devil," said Sitt Madoula to the remaining girl, who, with a stupefied yet anxious gaze, had watched the scene I have described. She approached, or rather crept, forward, keeping her eyes on those of the Sitt, who was a right-good soul at bottom, and expressed to me, in broken Italian, her sorrow at being obliged to put on an appearance of harshness. I need not repeat the conversation that ensued; suffice it to say that it was satisfactory. The girl was very ignorant and apparently good-natured. But the worthy Sitt would not trust to appearances; she had a whole host of little expedients for diving into the recesses of the human heart. "Give me your hand, Zara," said she, choosing one of the half-dozen names commonly bestowed on slaves. The girl obeyed. Sitt Madoula took the thin hand held out to her, looked rather awkwardly at me for a moment, and then spat in it! I started, and uttered an exclamation. "*Stato tranquillo!*" quoth she to me aside, in her *lingua Franca*. "Be quiet: it is the custom. What do you call that in your country, Zara?" The girl looked perplexed; but if she was offended, she kept down her resentment in the very lowest depths of her heart. Her reply was, in a tone of angelic meekness, "I know the name of it in Arabic, O lady!" Sitt Madoula blushed scarlet. The unintended rebuke told. She let fall the slave's hand, and said, "You are a good girl, and very learned. I shall pay your price. Don't look angry. O Frank," she added, turning to me with some confusion, "you know I mean to be kind to her. Anybody else would have struck her on the mouth with a slipper; but I am not so cruel. Let me now go and speak to the Jellabi." A fierce volley of words was exchanged for some time between the slave-dealer and Madam Madoula; he beginning by asking about eighteen pounds, and she by offering eight. It was exactly like a bargain for a yard of cloth. "I will give so much." "Yefta Allah! God will open —" that is, another door for sale, was the customary evasive answer. This went on for half-an-hour, during which the worthy Sitt stood screaming from the gallery, whilst the Jellabi sat quietly below smoking, giving occasionally an answer in the words I have mentioned, and sometimes, when vexed by a ridiculously low offer pertinaciously repeated, putting in that he would give the girl as a present. At length they gradually approached one another in price, the altercation becoming hotter and hotter, however, as they did so; until at length, when the difference was only a few piastres, the bargain was several times broken off. This, in fact, was the serious part of the discussion, the previous exorbitant demand and consequent low offer being mere skirmishing. Terms were, however, at last come to; and the price of 1,350 piastres (not quite 14*l.*) was agreed upon, to be paid in two or three days in case the girl discovered no hidden bad qualities. Ordinary black slaves, male and female, generally fetch from ten to twenty pounds; but thirty, and even forty or fifty, are paid for fine Abyssinian women.

We conclude with a graphic sketch of

MUSLIM GREETINGS.

Every Muslim deems it his duty to ask after his friend's health each time he passes him. Sometimes they stop and seize hold of their victim's thumb, inquiring how he does, then hold of his forefinger with another question, then again hold of his thumb, and then next hold of his hand, often for a dozen times in succession. Occasionally they have extraordinary accesses of friendship, and embrace and hug a person whom they may have saluted with formal indifference an instant before, as if about to part with him for ever. "Are you well?" "Well, praise be to God!" This interrogatory, with the answer, is frequently repeated at least fifty times in the course of an hour's conversation, serving to fill up every pause, and sometimes being introduced in the midst of a dialogue. Suppose the conversation to turn on the rent of a house. It would run nearly thus: laying his hand gracefully on his breast, the first speaker would say, "Taibeen? Are you well?" "Hamdulillah! Praise be to God! What is the rent of this house?" "Taibeen?" "Hamdulillah!" "A hundred talaris a year!" "Mashallah! that is much. Taibeen?" "Hamdulillah! Do you think I would cheat you?" "Are you well?" "Praise be to God! On you be peace! I am afraid you are trying to impose on me." "Taibeen?" &c.

The Shoe and Canoe; or, Pictures of Travel in the Canadas. By J. J. BIGSBY, M. D. In 2 vols.

DR. BIGSBY was, it seems, secretary to the Boundary Commission, and having taken abundant notes of his official tour, he has put them into formal shape and published them for the amusement and edification of the world. Notwithstanding its affected title, it is a very plain matter-of-fact narrative of a tour in Canada, and, unfortunately, there has been so much written about this part of the world that the interest of novelty is almost wholly lost, and two volumes are not likely to tempt readers already tired of the reiteration of the same subject. Nor is there anything peculiarly attractive in the author's style, to give it value as a composition, apart from its subject-matter, as the few specimens we take will prove.

A HINT TO EMIGRANTS.

In the country parts of Canada few young men get above the class of "gents," and the elders seldom rise higher in their notions than the second-rate retired tradesmen at home. There are here and there some few loftier minds, driven into hiding-places by misfortune; but they only mark, and so thicken, the general gloom. There is not enough of the fine gold of English society to make a public impression. In England the female gentry, in their respective rural neighbourhoods, do a large amount of good, as living examples of wisdom, generosity, and gentleness.

I advise only the uneasy classes of Great Britain to live in Canada; the easy classes, however, I strenuously advise to visit it.

THE ISLAND OF ST. JOSEPH.

St. Joseph belongs to Canada, and is a compact island, seventeen miles by twelve in general dimensions, its length running south-east.

Its interior rises to the height of 500 feet by three tiers of rich woods, which are called the "Highlands of St. Joseph."

At its south-eastern extremity there had been for thirty-five years a small British post, until about the year 1820.

It is fertile. Its coasts are broken into bays with a few islands about them. It has at least two creeks. They are on the south and east sides. One is at the south-east cape, near an excellent harbour.

Our surveyors, rowing a mile or two up this stream, were surprised one day to find a neat log-house far up in the woods, with a patch of Indian corn and other vegetables. It was inhabited by an Indian widow and her daughter. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness of this lodge in the wilderness. They were not alarmed at

our visit, and came to our camp for needles and such-like little matters. They were Roman Catholics, and pleasing, well-conducted people. We had not been aware of any one being upon St. Joseph; it is a jungle containing only bears and other wild animals. We did not afterwards meet with any one who knew them. Two lone women in such a desert in the howlings of a Canadian winter!—what resignation and trust in a presiding Being!

This is his account of our

TROOPS IN CANADA.

The men were employed as much as possible at one kind of work or other; but both drunkenness and desertion were too common. They obtained whisky from the village in spite of strict regulations to the contrary, and had no notion of saving their surplus pay. As a less demoralising mode of getting rid of the soldier's money than buying whisky, the commandant in my time sent to Detroit, 300 miles, for a small company of players, into whose pockets the men joyfully poured their money. Among these strollers there was a modest and very pretty young woman, the daughter of the manager, Blanchard by name, one or two of the officers went crazy about her; but, in the midst of the excitement, the commandant suddenly shipped off the whole party, and the flame went out.

Desertion is scarcely to be prevented when soldiers are placed so near the frontier of the United States. There is, at least, a change for them, and they expect for the better.

While I was there, an order came from Quebec to the post, forbidding the employment of Indians in capturing deserters; for during the preceding summer five soldiers started early in the morning across the strait to the American main, and made by the Indian path for Michilimackinac. On arriving there they would be safe.

The commandant sent half-a-dozen Indians after them, who in a couple of days returned with the men's heads in a bag.

The Indians knew a short cut and got a head of their prey, and lay in ambush behind a rock in the track. When the soldiers came within a few feet of them, the Indians fired, and in the end killed every one of them.

We conclude with a scene from

THE CANOE.

The price of my conveyance, I am sorry to say, was a couple of bottles of rum.

When introduced to this great warrior, as I had heard him described to be, I was surprised to find before me a small man, with a knowing little face, which would have fitted a country shoemaker. There was no melo-dramatic nonsense about him.

I was provided with a lump of ham, a large loaf, and a bottle of whisky, stoppered for want of a cork, with half of one of Miss Edgeworth's novels (doubtless originally from the garrison), and then was told that the Indians had embarked.

Running down to the beach with my knapsack and provision-bag, I found a little fleet of twenty-five canoes on the point of starting; and was bidden by signs to jump into the canoe nearest me, but seeing no room, I hesitated.

The craft was not large. On the prow, where there is a little shelf, there sat an unquiet young bear, tied with a cord,—two smoking Indians and three children sitting on the canoe bottom, next to him. Then came four women rowers, among whom I was to squat, or nowhere. The stern-half of the canoe was occupied by the Blackbird and a friend, with three more young imps and a steersman. Two or three dogs kept constantly circulating among our legs in search of dropped eatables, who so far approved of my ham that I was fain to keep it on my knees.

But we all settled down in a sort of stiff comfort.

The water was as smooth as glass. The strong unclouded sun was in mid-heavens. We moved away with many an uncouth antic and shriek, both on land and lake, and I was once more abandoned to the happy-go-lucky do-nothings of the Indian race.

They certainly never intended to go further that day than a well-known point fifteen miles distant, on the south-west main; for seeing that there was the gentlest possible of all airs in our favour, when they

had gained the open lake, the ladies dipped paddle into the water but seldom, and most delicately, falling into that murmuring musical gossip we hear in an aviary. And thus it was all the fleet through.

We proceeded, therefore, lazily and irregularly, greeting by turns every canoe as we passed or were passed. The heat was intense, but I saw no Indian drink; sufficient for him was the pipe—that brought the complacent reverie.

I employed myself in a variety of ways—in watching my neighbours, and especially the bear, who knew the others, but not me. I counted the 240 circular buckles of silver on the back of one of the women, fastened close together like the links of chain armour, each worth about tenpence. Her neck was hid under blue and white beads, and she wore broad anklets and armlets of silver plate. She had also slung over her back, by a white cord, from her neck, a massive silver cross, eight or nine inches long. The other women, likewise, had on similar visiting finery.

The men were grandly dressed with chamois leather leggings, ornamented with fanciful traceries in porcupine quills, and fringed on the outer seam with red moose-hair. They wore broad breast-plates of silver, with their name or device engraved on it, and armlets and fore-armlets of the same metal three or four inches broad.

Some had European hats, with broad bands of solid silver, silver cord running here and there, and an ostrich feather. Others wore a stiff, high round cap, covered with red moose hair, which streamed over their shoulders.

It must be remarked, that although the general effect was very fine, the details were often defective; for instance, their many-coloured or red shirt of stiffened calico, made very full, was not always of the newest.

To the great delight of my cramped limbs, at six in the afternoon, we put on shore on a shingle point, with a few bushes, and some drift-wood ready for burning.

As soon as we landed, two or three men started with a net into a little bay close by, and in less than a couple of hours returned with a good catch of salmon-trout for general distribution.

Meantime, the Indian women built the wig-wams,—a simple process—make the fires, pounded the maize, walked up to the knees into the lake, and there scoured their noisy children well all over.

The men lounged about, playing at duck and drake with the taller boys, all screaming most triumphantly at a capital throw.

El Dorado; or, Notes in the Path of Empire.
By J. BAYARD TAYLOR. In 2 vols. London: Routledge.

MR. TAYLOR'S indefatigable correspondence to the *Tribune* of last year gained a hearing all over the world. It was read with respect and quoted with confidence; for it bore on its face the evidence of a certain ingenuous frankness the impressions of an unprejudiced observer, with youth and poetical enthusiasm on his side, in whom a happy nature had conquered in advance all the *disagréments* of the journey. The author of *Views-a-Foot*, who had traversed Europe at a maximum expense of five hundred dollars, and who has incorporated so much of the spirit of the Far West in the California Ballads, was not the man to balk at a visit to the new possessions on the Pacific. His invincible good humour and perseverance do not fail him. He traverses the Isthmus, partakes of the hardships of the way, explores the wilderness routes of California, sometimes alone, sometimes in company, is at the gold-finding and the government-making, notes the marvels on the route with an eye for the picturesque, and returns home, with a Mexican adventure or two *en route*, to give his countrymen the most agreeable and readable narrative they have yet had of the prodigies he has left behind him. His volumes before us contain

the most authentic, sparkling, and best printed information and adventure yet published upon that "household word," California.

Here is something for the gourmand, tinctured with the gold fever, to read before engaging passage.

THE PASSAGE.

Coffee was served in the cabin; but as many of the passengers imagined that, because they had paid a high price for their tickets, they were conscientiously obligated to drink three cups, the late-comers got a very scanty allowance. The breakfast hour was nine, and the table was obliged to be fully set twice. At the first tingle of the bell, all hands started as if a shot had exploded among them; conversation was broken off in the middle of a word; the deck was instantly cleared, and the passengers, tumbling pell-mell down the cabin stairs, found every seat taken by others who had probably been sitting in them for half-an-hour. The bell, however, had an equally convulsive effect upon these. There was a confused grabbing motion for a few seconds, and, lo! the plates were cleared. A chicken parted in twain as if by magic, each half leaping into an opposite plate; a dish of sweet potatoes vanished before a single hand; beefsteak flew in all directions; and while about half the passengers had all their breakfast piled at once upon their plates, the other half were regaled by a "plentiful lack."

Here is a reminder of Mother Goose's rhyme, touching the wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl; and will serve to show posterity how hard the gold diggers worked for their riches:

EMIGRANT TOILS.

The emigrants we took on board at San Diego were objects of general interest. The stories of their adventures by the way sounded more marvellous than anything I had heard or read since my boyish acquaintance with Robinson Crusoe, Captain Cook, and John Ledyard. Taking them as the average experience of the thirty thousand emigrants who last year crossed the Plains, this California Crusade will more than equal the great military expeditions of the Middle Ages in magnitude, peril, and adventure. The amount of suffering which must have been endured in the savage mountain passes and herbless deserts of the interior, cannot be told in words. Some had come by way of Santa Fé, and along the savage hills of the Gila; some, starting from Red River, had crossed the Great Stake Desert and taken the road from Paso del Norte to Tucson in Sonora; some had passed through Mexico, and after spending one hundred and four days at sea, run into San Diego, and given up their vessel; some had lauded, weary with a seven months' passage around Cape Horn; and some, finally, had reached the place on foot, after walking the whole length of the California Peninsula.

Following is a fine sketch of Colonel FREMONT, who is happily termed "the Columbus of our central wildernesses."

The philosopher whose cogitations were broken so apple-pos (as Mrs. PARTINGTON might say), when wishing pumpkins grew upon trees, is brought to mind by the following caution against sleeping under trees.

A WARNING.

There is one peculiarity about the Californian oaks, which I do not remember to have seen noticed. In the dry heat of the long summer seasons, their fibre becomes brittle, and frequently at noon-day, when not a breath of air is stirring, one of their stout arms parts from the trunk without the slightest warning sound, and drops bodily to the earth. More than one instance is related, in which persons have been killed by their fall. For this reason the native Californians generally camp outside the range of the limbs.

We have heard of fortification against rats by divers travellers, but never until now of being in siege from the fleas.

After many trials, I finally nonplussed them (the fleas), in spite of all their cunning. There is a thick, green shrub in the forest, whose powerful balsamic

odour is too much for them. After sweeping the floor, and sprinkling it with water, I put down my bed, previously well shaken, and surrounded it with a *chevaux-de-frise* of this shrub, wide enough to prevent their overleaping it. Thus moated and palisaded from the foe, I took my rest unbroken, to his utter discomfiture.

The Californian Convention is dashed off in some very piquant paragraphs.

The Chair occasionally made a bungling decision, whereupon two of the members, who had previously served in State Assemblies, would aver that in the whole course of their legislative experience they had never heard of such a thing. Now and then a scene occurred, which was amusing enough. A section being before the Convention, declaring that every citizen arrested for a criminal offence should be tried by a jury of his peers, a member, unfamiliar with such technical terms, moved to strike out the word "peers." "I don't like that word 'peers,'" said he; "it aint republican; I'd like to know what we want with *peers* in this country—we're not a monarchy, and we've got no House of Parliament. I vote for no such law."

Very finely described is

MONTEREY.

No one can be in Monterey a single night, without being startled and awed by the deep, solemn crashes of the surf as it breaks along the shore. There is no continuous roar of the plunging waves, as we hear on the Atlantic seaboard; the slow, regular swells—quiet pulsations of the great Pacific's heart—roll inward in unbroken lines, and fall with single grand crashes, with intervals of dead silence between. They may be heard through the day, if one listens, like a solemn undertone to all the shallow noises of the town; but at midnight, when all else is still, those successive shocks fall upon the ear with a sensation of inexpressible solemnity. All the air, from the pine forests to the sea, is filled with a light tremor, and the intermitting beats of sound are strong enough to jar a delicate ear. Their constant repetition at last produces a feeling something like terror. A spirit worn and weakened by some scathing sorrow, could scarcely bear the reverberation.

When there has been a gale outside, and a morning of dazzling clearness succeeds a night of fog and cold wind, the swell are loudest and most magnificent. Then their lines of foam are flung upwards like a snowy fringe along the dark-blue hem of the sea, and a light, glittering mist constantly rises from the hollow curve of the shore. One quiet Sunday afternoon, when the uproar was such as to be almost felt in the solid earth, I walked out along the sand till I had passed the anchorage, and could look on the open Pacific. The surface of the bay was comparatively calm; but within a few hundred yards of the shore it upheaved with a slow, majestic movement, forming a single line more than a mile in length, which, as it advanced, presented a perpendicular front of clear, green water, twelve feet in height. There was a gradual curving-in of this emerald wall—a moment's waver—and the whole mass fell forward with a thundering crash, hurling the shattered spray thirty feet into the air. A second rebound followed; and the boiling, seething waters raced far up the sand, with a sharp, trampling, metallic sound, like the jangling of a thousand bars of iron. I sat down on a pine log, above the highest wave mark, and watched this sublime phenomenon for a long time. The sand hills behind me confined and redoubled the sound, prolonging it from crash to crash, so that the ear was constantly filled with it. Once, a tremendous swell came in close on the heels of one that had just broken, and the two uniting, made one wave, which shot far beyond the water-line, and buried me above the knee. As far as I could see, the shore was white with the subsiding deluge. It was a fine illustration of the magnificent language of Scripture: "He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment; one would think the deep to be hoary."

The Californians have been for some months without mails: the new Postmaster and his assistants have arrived, followed by *forty-five thousand letters*; and Mr. TAYLOR sketches incidents touching their delivery, which are capitally told.

THE CALIFORNIAN POST-OFFICE.

A day or two after my arrival, the Steamer Unicorn came into the harbour, being the third which had arrived without bring a mail. These repeated failures were too much for even a patient people to bear; an indignation meeting in Portsmouth Square was called, but a shower, heralding the rainy season, came on in time to prevent it. Finally, on the last day of October, on the eve of the departure of another steamer down the coast, the Panama came in, bringing the mails for July, August, and September all at once! Thirty-seven mail-bags were hauled up to the little Post-office that night, and the eight clerks were astounded by the receipt of forty-five thousand letters, besides uncounted bushels of newspapers. I was, at the time, domiciled in Mr. Moore's garret, and enjoying the hospitalities of his plank-table; I therefore offered my services as clerk-extraordinary, and was at once vested with full powers and initiated into all the mysteries of counting, classifying, and distributing letters.

The Post-Office was a small frame building, of one story, and not more than forty feet in length. The entire front, which was graced with a narrow portico, was appropriated to the windows for delivery, while the rear was divided into three small compartments—a newspaper room, a private office, and kitchen. There were two windows for the general delivery, one for French and Spanish letters, and a narrow entry at one end of the building, on which faced the private boxes, to the number of five hundred, leased to merchants and others at the rate of 1 dollar, 50 cents per month. In this small space all the operations of the office were carried on. The rent of the building was 7,000 dollars a year, and the salaries of the clerks from 100 dollars to 300 dollars monthly, which, as no special provision had been made by Government to meet the expense, effectually confined Mr. Moore to these narrow limits. For his strict and conscientious adherence to the law, he received the violent censure of a party of the San Franciscans, who would have had him make free use of the Government funds.

The Panama's mail-bags reached the office about nine o'clock. The doors were instantly closed, the windows darkened, and every preparation made for a long siege. The attack from without commenced about the same time. There were knocks on the doors, taps on the windows, and beseeching calls at all corners of the house. The interior was well lighted; the bags were emptied on the floor, and ten pair of hands engaged in the assortment and distribution of their contents. The work went on rapidly and noiselessly as the night passed away, but with the first streak of daylight the attack commenced again. Every avenue of entrance was barricaded; the crowd was told through the keyhole that the office would be opened that day to no one: but it all availed nothing. Mr. Moore's Irish servant could not go for a bucket of water without being surrounded and in danger of being held captive. Men dogged his heels in the hope of being able to slip in behind him before he could lock the door.

We laboured steadily all day, and had the satisfaction of seeing the huge pile of letters considerably diminished. Towards evening the impatience of the crowd increased to a most annoying pitch. They knocked; they tried shouts and then whispers and then shouts again; they implored and threatened by turns; and not seldom offered large bribes for the delivery of their letters. "Curse such a Post-Office and such a Post-Master!" said one; "I'll write to the Department by the next steamer. We'll see whether things go on in this way much longer." Then comes a messenger slyly to the back-door; "Mr. — sends his compliments, and says you would oblige him very much by letting me have his letters; he won't say anything about it to anybody." A clergyman, or perhaps a naval officer, follows, relying on a white cravat or gilt buttons for the favour which no one else can obtain. Mr. Moore politely but firmly refuses; and so we work on, unmoved by the noises of the besiegers. The excitement and anxiety of the public can scarcely be told in words. Where the source that governs business, satisfies affection, and supplies intelligence, had been shut off from a whole community for three months, the rush from all sides to supply the void was irresistible.

In the afternoon, a partial delivery was made to the owners of private boxes. It was effected in a skilful way, though with some danger to the clerk who under-

took the opening of the door. On account of the crush and destruction of windows on former occasions, he ordered them to form into line and enter in regular order. They at first refused, but on his counter-refusal to unlock the door, complied with some difficulty. The moment the key was turned, the rush into the little entry was terrific; the glass faces of the boxes were stove in, and the wooden partition seemed about to give way. In the space of an hour the clerk took in postage to the amount of 600 dollars; the principal firms frequently paid from 50 dollars to 100 dollars for their correspondence.

We toiled on till after midnight of the second night, when the work was so far advanced that we could spare an hour or two for rest, and still complete the distribution in time for the opening of the windows, at noon the next day. So we crept up to our blankets in the garret, worn out by forty-four hours of steady labour. We had scarcely begun to taste the needful rest, when our sleep, deep as it was, was broken by a new sound. Some of the besiegers, learning that the windows were to be opened at noon, came on the ground in the middle of the night, in order to have the first chance for letters. As the nights were fresh and cool, they soon felt chilly, and began a stamping march along the portico, which jarred the whole building and kept us all painfully awake. This game was practised for a week after the distribution commenced, and was a greater hardship to those employed in the Office than their daily labours. One morning, about a week after this, a single individual came about midnight, bringing a chair with him, and some refreshments. He planted himself directly opposite the door, and sat there quietly all night. It was the day for despatching the Monterey mail, and one of the clerks got up about four o'clock to have it in readiness for the carrier. On opening the door in the darkness, he was confronted by this man, who seated solemnly in his chair, immediately gave his name in a loud voice: "John Jenkins!"

When, finally, the windows were opened, the scenes around the office were still more remarkable. In order to prevent a general riot among the applicants, they were recommended to form in ranks. This plan once established, those inside could work with more speed and safety. The lines extended in front all the way down the hill into Portsmouth Square, and on the south side across Sacramento-street to the tents among the chapparal; while that from the newspaper window in the rear stretched for some distance up the hill. The man at the tail of the longest line might count on spending six hours in it before he reached the window. Those who were near the goal frequently sold out their places to impatient candidates, for ten, and even twenty-five dollars; indeed, several persons, in want of money, practised this game daily, as a means of living! Venders of pies, cakes, and newspapers, established themselves in front of the office, to supply the crowd, while others did a profitable business by carrying cans of coffee up and down the lines.

The labours of the Post Office were greatly increased by the necessity of forwarding thousands of letters to the branch offices or to agents among the mountains, according to the orders of the miners. This part of the business, which was entirely without remuneration, furnished constant employment for three or four clerks. Several persons made large sums by acting as agents, supplying the miners with their letters, at one dollar each, which included the postage from the Atlantic side. The arrangements for the transportation of the inland mail were very imperfect, and these private establishments were generally preferred.

MR. TAYLOR makes a present of a new Leatherstocking character to MR. COOPER.

A CALIFORNIAN NOTABILITY.

There was one character on the river, whom I had met on my first visit in August, and still found there on my return. He possessed sufficient individuality of appearance and habits to have made him a hero of fiction; Cooper would have delighted to have stumbled upon him. His real name I never learned, but he was known to all the miners by the cognomen of "Buck-shot"—an appellation which seemed to suit his hard, squab figure very much. He might have been forty years of age or perhaps fifty; his face was but slightly wrinkled, and he wore a heavy black beard which grew

nearly to his eyes, and entirely concealed his mouth. When he removed his worn and dusty felt hat, which was but seldom, his large, square forehead, bald crown, and serious grey eyes, gave him an appearance of reflective intellect;—a promise hardly verified by his conversation. He was of a stout and sturdy frame, and always wore clothes of a coarse texture, with a flannel shirt and belt containing a knife. I guessed from a slight peculiarity of his accent that he was a German by birth, though I believe he was not considered so by the miners.

The habits of "Buckshot" were still more eccentric than his appearance. He lived entirely alone, in a small tent, and seemed rather to shun than court the society of others. His tastes were exceedingly luxurious; he always had the best of everything in the market, regardless of its cost. The finest hams, at a dollar and a half the pound; preserved oysters, corn and peas, at six dollars a canister; onions and potatoes, whenever such articles made their appearance; Chinese sweetmeats and dried fruits, were all on his table, and his dinner was regularly moistened by a bottle of champagne. He did his own cooking, an operation which cost little trouble, on account of the scarcity of fresh provisions. When particularly lucky in digging, he would take his ease for a day or two, until the dust was exhausted, when he would again shoulder his pick and crowbar, and commence burrowing in some lonely corner of the rich gulch. He had been in the country since the first discovery of the placers, and was reported to have dug, in all, between thirty and forty thousand dollars—all of which he had spent for his subsistence. I heard him once say that he never dug less than an ounce in one day, and sometimes as much as two pounds. The rough life of the mountains seemed entirely congenial to his tastes, and he could not have been induced to change it for any other, though less laborious and equally epicurean.

No one but a poet, a humorist, and used-to-the-business traveller, could be robbed in the manner in which Mr. TAYLOR is, and reciprocate so coolly. We would like the reader to place this account by the side of MR. SLIDELL MCKENZIE's narration of his own robbery in Spain, as set forth in his travels, to show that difference may sometimes exist between "naval" pluck and civilian pluck; between the stoicism of a poet and that of an old salt.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN CALIFORNIA.

At was about ten in the forenoon when I left Amatlan. The road entered on a lonely range of hills, the pedestal of an abrupt spur standing out from the side of the volcano. The soil was covered with stunted shrubs and a growth of long yellow grass. I could see the way for half a league before and behind; there was no one in sight—not even a boy-arriero, with his two or three donkeys. I rode leisurely along, looking down into a deep ravine on my right and thinking to myself; "that is an excellent place for robbers to lie in wait; I think I had better load my pistol"—which I had fired off just before reaching Tequilla. Scarcely had this thought passed through my mind, when a little bush beside the road seemed to rise up; I turned suddenly, and, in a breath, the two barrels of a musket were before me, so near and surely aimed, that I could almost see the bullets at the bottom. The weapon was held by a ferocious looking native, dressed in a pink calico shirt and white pantaloons; on the other side of me stood a second, covering me with another double-barrelled musket, and a little in the rear appeared a third. I had walked, like an unsuspecting mouse, into the very teeth of the trap laid for me.

"Down with your pistols," cried the first, in a hurried whisper. So silently and suddenly had all this taken place, that I sat still a moment, hardly realizing my situation. "Down with your pistols and dismount!" was repeated, and this time the barrels came a little nearer my breast. Thus solicited, I threw down my single pistol—the more readily because it was harmless—and got off my horse. Having secured the pistol, the robbers went to the rear, never for a moment losing their aim. They then ordered me to lead my horse off the road, by a direction which they pointed out. We went down the side of the ravine for about a quarter of a mile to a patch of bushes and tall grass, out of view from the road, where they halted, one of them returning,

apparently to keep watch. The others deliberately levelling their pieces at me, commanded me to lie down on my face—"la boca a tierra!" I cannot say that I felt alarmed; it had always been a part of my belief that the shadow of Death falls before him—that the man doomed to die by violence feels the chill before the blow has been struck. As I never felt more positively alive than at that moment, I judged my time had not yet come. I pulled off my coat and vest, at their command, and threw them on the grass, saying: "Take what you want, but don't detain me long." The fellow in a pink calico shirt, who appeared to have some authority over the other two, picked up my coat, and one after the other, turned all the pockets inside out. I felt a secret satisfaction at his blank look when he opened my purse and poured the few dollars it contained into a pouch he carried in his belt. "How is it," said he, "that you have no more money?" "I don't own much," I answered, "but there is quite enough for you." I had, in fact, barely sufficient in coin for a ride to Mexico, the most of my funds having been invested in a draft on that city. I believe I did not lose more than twenty-five dollars by this attack. "At least," I said to the robbers, "you'll not take the papers"—among which was my draft. "No," he replied, "no me valen nada." (They are worth nothing to me.)

Having searched my coat, he took a hunting-knife which I carried (belonging, however, to Lieut. Beale), examined the blade and point, placed his piece against a bush behind him and came up to me, saying, as he held the knife above my head: "Now put your hands behind you, and don't move, or I shall strike." The other then laid down his musket, and advanced to bind me. They were evidently adepts in the art; all their movements were so carefully timed, that any resistance would have been against dangerous odds. I did not consider my loss sufficient to justify any desperate risk, and did as they commanded. With the end of my horse's lariat, they bound my wrists firmly together, and having me thus secure, sat down to finish their inspection more leisurely. My feeling during this proceeding were oddly heterogeneous—at one moment burning with rage and shame at having neglected the proper means of defence, and the next, ready to burst into a laugh at the decided novelty of my situation. My blanket having been spread on the grass, everything was emptied into it. The robbers had an eye for the curious and incomprehensible, as well as the useful. They spared all my letters, books, and papers, but took my thermometer, compass, and card-case, together with a number of drawing-pencils, some soap (a thing the Mexicans never use), and what few little articles of the toilet I carried with me. A bag hanging at my saddle-bow, containing ammunition, went at once, as well as a number of oranges and cigars in my pockets, the robbers leaving me one of the latter, as a sort of consolation for my loss.

Between Mazatlan and Tepic, I had carried a doubt in the hollow of each foot, covered by the stocking. It was well they had been spent for *priete*, for they would else have certainly been discovered. The villains unbuckled my spurs, jerked off my boots, and examined the bottoms of my pantaloons, ungirthed the saddle and shook out the blankets, scratched the heavy guard of the bit to see whether it was silver, and then, apparently satisfied that they had made the most of me, tied everything together in a corner of my best blanket. "Now," said the leader, when this was done, "shall we take your horse?" This question was of course a mockery; but I thought I would try an experiment, and so answered in a very decided tone; "No; you shall not. I must have him; I am going to Guadalupe, and I cannot get there without him. Besides, he would not answer at all for your business." He made no reply, but took up his piece, which I noticed was a splendid article, and in perfect order, walked a short distance towards the road, and made a signal to the third robber. Suddenly he came back, saying: "Perhaps you may get hungry before night—here is something to eat;" and with that he placed one of my oranges and half a dozen tortillas on the grass beside me. "Mil gracias," said I, "but how am I to eat without hands?" The other then coming up, he said, as they all three turned to leave me; "Now we are going; we have more to carry than we had before we met you; adios?" This was insulting; but there are instances under which an insult must be swallowed.

I waited till no more of them could be seen, and then turned to my horse, who stood quietly at the other end of the lariat; "Now, *priete*," I asked "how are we to get out of this scrape?" He said nothing, but I fancied I could detect an inclination to laugh in the twitching of his nether lip. However, I went to work at extricating myself—a difficult matter, as the rope was tied in several knots. After tugging a long time, I made a twist which the India-rubber man might have envied, and to the great danger of my spine, succeeded in forcing my body through my arms. Then, loosening the knot with my teeth, in half an hour I was free again. As I rode off, I saw the three robbers at some distance, on the other side the ravine.

It is astonishing how light one feels after being robbed. A sensation of complete independence came over me; my horse, even, seemed to move more briskly, after being relieved of my blankets. I tried to comfort myself with the thought that this was a genuine adventure, worth one experience—that, perhaps, it was better to lose a few dollars than have even a robber's blood on my head; but it would not do. The sense of the outrage and indignity was strongest, and my single desire was the unchristian one of revenge. It is easy to philosophize on imaginary premises, but actual experience is the best test of human nature. Once, it had been difficult for me to imagine the feeling that would prompt a man to take the life of another; now, it was clear enough. In spite of the threats of the robbers, I looked in their faces sufficiently to know them again, in whatever part of the world I might meet them. I recognised the leader—a thick-set athletic man, with a short, black beard—as one of the persons I had seen lounging about the *tienda*, in Amatitlan, which explained the artifice that led me to display more money than was prudent. It was evidently a preconceived plan to plunder me at all hazards, since, coming from the Pacific, I might be supposed to carry a booty worth fighting for.

The work from which the above amusing extracts are made has been reprinted by Mr. ROUTLEDGE, and included in one of his cheap libraries for a couple of shillings.

A Tour on the Prairies. By WASHINGTON IRVING. London: Bohn.

WASHINGTON IRVING is not less graphic as a traveller than as a sketcher, or story-teller, or chronicler. His *Tour on the Prairies* is by far the most minute and interesting account ever given of those remarkable regions, to which Europe presents nothing like. Mr. BOHN has, therefore, judiciously included it in his Shilling Series.

FICTION.

Ada Greville; or Woman's Constancy. By PETER LEICESTER, Esq. author of "Arthur of Brittany," &c. In 3 vols. London: Churton. 1850.

Ada Greville may be described as a story of the Afghan War, for that is the main incident in the plot, and the description of its terrors, its trials and its endurance, is the most exciting and interesting portion of the work. Mr. LEICESTER is an accomplished story-teller; he knows how to *work-up* a narrative; he understands precisely the amount of romance that will be enjoyed, without provoking in the reader's mind questions of possibility or probability. At least it will not be said of *Ada Greville* that it is dull, that it lacks incident; it rather runs into the opposite fault of too much crowding.

But although the terrible Afghan war with its exterminations, is the most prominent feature of the story, it must not be supposed that the entire scene is laid in India. It opens in England and returns to England, after the perils of the sea, and of the pass, and of captivity, for the details of which the reader is referred to the book itself. *Ada*, the heroine,

is not quite so lack-a-daisical and characterless as heroines are wont to be; she understands the virtue of endurance and is considerably put to the practice of it.

This is not a novel of the first-class either in design or in execution, but it is better than many that are sent forth to the circulating libraries, for it cannot fail to interest readers who are not very fastidious, and it will be found a more agreeable sea-side companion than most of the novels that so thickly offer themselves to the idle time of watering-place loungers. As a specimen of the author's descriptive powers, we take a portion from the chapters that narrate the fearful catastrophe of

THE AFGHAN PASS.

It was after their third night's stoppage, when, as yet, they had barely advanced a dozen miles, that Howard woke from his short and troubled sleep to renewed misery. They had, the night before, reached Khoord Cabool, where the snow again began to fall heavily, and it had fallen all the night; and, while to him and his party, through the means they had again taken to protect themselves, it proved almost a defence from the bitter, piercing wind, to thousands and thousands it had proved destruction. One loud wailing cry burst on his ear, as he awoke to consciousness, and told its withering tale in all its horrors. It was barely twilight; he roused Sudley, who lay by him; he could not rise without assistance, by reason of his wound, and, getting to his feet, gazed fearfully round. The pass was literally choked with the bodies of the victims to that night's frightful cold; they had perished in thousands; and, of the rest, the still living, more were in agonies of pain from its direful effects. Numbers had sought the hollow caves, all for shelter, many to die; there was not strength to put the dead ones forth; the living, the dying, the dead lay promiscuously together. Some were crying out for pain; some for hunger; some for thirst; many for very distraction. Children, women, men—ay! the grown man cried out as an infant would have done! Some were insane with horror; one man laughed; he sprang from the ground as Howard passed, and fell down dead at his feet. Here, mothers—ay! and tender mothers, too—unable any longer to hear their children's cry, unable any longer to see them suffer, and know that there was no remedy, no prospect but a briefly-delayed death, snatched them from their milkless breasts, and dashed them on the ground. One old crone confronted Howard as he passed along, and demanded food; her son was perishing for hunger; for three whole days there had not been any; it was in vain he told her all were suffering alike; she called him murderer, cursed him by her God, and rushed frantically by. Here, were men cutting up the dead and dying, eating the flesh as they tore it out; some drinking the blood. There, was a man writhing in torturing pain; his feet had been frost-bitten; had mortified; he could not rise; there was no one to aid him—aid him! when all wanted aid! aid him, dying man that he was! when death confronted thousands in the face? he knew it, even while he cried for help—knew there was none—and all he asked was mercy, for some pitying hand to dash out his brains.

The Old Oak Chest: a Tale of Domestic Life. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., author of "The Gypsy," &c. In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1850.

WITH the exception of two or three of his earliest romances, Mr. JAMES has been most successful when he has abandoned history, and produced a work of pure imagination. The reason of this may be, that Mr. JAMES is an historian as well as a novelist, and cannot so readily accommodate his character, as a writer of the real, to the necessities of the ideal. He is unwilling to depart from the text for the sake of effect; and so he puts his imagination into fetters, and the story is stiff and tame and wanting in incident and surprises, because he too much desires to adhere to fact.

When, however, he quits the historical romance for one wholly of his own creation, the rein is given to fancy, and the materials for an interesting story offer themselves abundantly. From long experience, Mr. JAMES has learned to make the best use of them, and he continues to work them up in the most artistical fashion. Of course, after having written a whole library of romances, not much of novelty is to be expected from him; by this time, he has exhausted all the original stores which might be looked for from one mind: the incidents in *The Old Oak Chest*, therefore, are not new; he has employed them before, he now only recombines them in new shape. But then he uses them with extraordinary effect, so as almost to produce upon the reader's mind the effect of novelty—he makes the best of every situation offered by the circumstances of the story. The scene is laid in the beginning of the reign of GEORGE the Third. A child is left by its unnatural parent at the door of a mansion—hospitably received and adopted by its owner, who feels for her the affection of a father, and thereby rouses the jealousy of his younger brother, who fears that the foundling will deprive him of his anticipated fortune. He employs a servant of Haldimand Hall to abstract for him a will that was concealed in the Old Oak Chest; the foundling, KATE, flies in fear of plots against her by the machinations of this rival; she is supposed to be dead, and then it is discovered that she is the grand-daughter of her protector, who had turned her mother out of doors, for having married beneath her rank. In due time, however, she reappears, to claim her station and shame her enemies, and all ends happily.

Many characters are introduced, some of them having notable features, especially the innkeeper, TOM NOTBEAME, a mixture of folly and cleverness not so uncommon in the world as at first might be supposed. We take an extract or two, almost at random.

FARMER BAGSHOT.

It may be considered as an invariable axiom, that, although good men are not always prosperous, prosperous men are always good—at least in the estimation of nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of every thousand in the world. People deal mildly even with recorded crimes in the case of the prosperous; and the good folks of Dingle and Halcombe, and all the neighbourhood said sweetly, in speaking of Mr. Bagshot, that he had sown his wild oats, and would, doubtless, be a very different man now. One of his first acts, indeed, tended to conciliate esteem. There are white spots in the Devil; and, though by this time he was avaricious as well as greedy, he took care of his old mother. He had no principle upon earth; but nature has principles which often supply the place of those we want. He married, too, a stout, ill-favoured, pock-marked girl with a large nose, who had a thousand pounds at her command. He was not reported to be the best of husbands; but she was soon relieved from a somewhat hard and unpleasant life by death. She left one boy, whom his father diligently brought up in the way he should go.

As to his dealings with his neighbours, Farmer Bagshot was soon found to have lost none of his keenness. The edge had not been blunted in the United States; far from it. He would make a good bargain wherever he could, and never asked himself whether it was an honest one or not. He kept diligently out of the fangs of the law; he gave no one an opportunity of prosecuting him; but many a one, after dealing with Farmer Bagshot, was heard to say, "It's the next thing to swindling."

He cared nothing about that, provided it was the next thing. He was obliging, too, when he was paid for it. Though a rich man, there was nothing that he would not himself do, or make his son do, for money.

His carts and horses were always to spare, when any one would give more for their use than they could gain upon the farm; and he would sell anything or everything that anybody wanted, for a little more than its worth. He did it all too with a dogged air of indifference, which he had probably acquired in the West, giving people to understand, even when he was driving a very hard bargain with them, that he did not care about it, and was doing them a favour rather than otherwise.

THE HEROINE.

Lady Martindale looked at her while getting out of the carriage with a critical eye, and made her own comments internally. Now Lady Martindale was a woman of the world, and was considered a great judge in matters of taste. She was full of conventionalities, though a person of very shrewd sense, which she only employed, it is true, in dealing with those conventionalities to the best advantage. A builder must have bricks or stones, or something to build with; and if he be a good builder he may erect a very tolerable house even with bad materials. But still he must have bricks; and those are generally supplied to him by others. Now conventionalities were Lady Martindale's bricks; and her mind being the builder, everything that it raised was constructed of them. It is a pity that the bricks were not better; but they had been supplied to her by others, and so she was not altogether responsible.

She looked at Kate, then, with a critical eye, as she would have looked at a piece of furniture for her son's house. She asked herself, in short, how she would do for Lady Martindale; and she could not help acknowledging that she would do very well.

First, she was exceedingly beautiful. That was a great thing in society. Then she was exceedingly graceful. That was still more. Then there was nothing the least exaggerated about her. In manner and in conversation Lady Martindale had never been able to discover the least touch of romance, or sentimentality, or even enthusiasm; and although nothing, it is true, had occurred to call forth any of these characteristics, Lady Martindale, trusting greatly in her own shrewdness, thought she must have discovered them had they existed. Then demeanour was an enormous point with Lady Martindale. She judged people as much by their attitude as by anything else; and as Kate stood there with her drapery gathered round her, her riding-whip held lightly and dropping gracefully, one foot and ankle slightly advanced so as just to be seen somewhat shaded, and the weight of the figure thrown a little on one side so as to vary the outline and to bring the contour into the most graceful point of view, Lady Martindale admitted that it was perfect, and internally declared that she could not have done it better if she had been taught by Parisot.

TOM NOTBEAME.

He was the son of an old servant of the Haldimand family, and had been an odd boy, an odd lad and an odd young man. Some thought he was a genius, some thought he was a fool; and certain it is, he read a great deal of very strange matter in his youth, all of which seemed to sink in upon his mind as upon blotting-paper, producing vague and indistinct impressions which sometimes came to light again in very strange ways. Twice before he was twenty years of age, he was brought up for poaching; and in verity his gun or his fishing rod was seldom out of his hand; but he fully convinced Sir John Haldimand that the head and front of his offence, was the shooting of any strange birds or beasts that he might see for the purpose of stuffing them afterwards; and, as his mother had often pressed for some employment for him, Sir John made him a game-keeper to prevent the other game-keepers from meddling with him.

He lived for three years in the little cottage by the Mere before it ever entered into his imagination to make a public house of it; but many people came to ask for permission to fish during that time, and were sent up to the great house to obtain it. The good-humoured baronet took into consideration this great additional labour, and bestowed upon the keeper the privilege of granting permission, only adding an injunction to see that the visitors fished fair.

Freston Tower; or the Early Days of Cardinal Wolsey. By the Rev. RICHARD COBOLD, A.M., B.D., Rector of Wortham, Author of "Margaret Catchpole," &c. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

A POWERFUL and interesting romance, and yet not quite a romance, for the author has kept as close as possible to the true history of one of the most wonderful men, perhaps the most magnificent man, whom England has produced. *Freston Tower* is, in truth, almost a Biography, and may well be placed in the hands of young persons, as giving to them, in a more graphic shape than a formal memoir, the particulars of the early career, the self-made fortunes, of the great Churchman. Mr. COBOLD has interwoven a plot inartificially constructed, indeed, but sufficient for his purpose, which was more the biography than the fiction. He has carefully studied the history and manners of the times, and has reproduced them with great accuracy, so that the reader is really carried back into them, and not merely presented with a succession of pictures which he feels to be pictures while all about him are his contemporaries, thinking modern thoughts and speaking modern language. ELLEN DE FRESTON, the heroine, is drawn with that delicate perception of the nice shades of women's character which distinguished Mr. COBOLD's former fictions, and have entitled him to a high place among the living novelists. The character of WOLSEY, too, has been sketched and is sustained throughout with a masterly hand. *Freston Tower* can scarcely fail to make a sensation and to be greatly in demand among the multitudes who must soon turn for amusement to sea-side loungings, whose monotony is best relieved by a romance.

If young ladies at such a time are not permitted to read romances they will be apt to act them, and this one is happily both wholesome and pleasant reading. We take one passage as a specimen of the style.

THE CARDINAL IN HIS FALL.

Wolsey was lord of the house in which his guests were, not trembling, but bold before mind. They also, on the other hand, were conscious that he was to be the judge of De Freston; and in the judgment of him was involved the happiness of the others. These parties had suffered much pain. Honest they all might be; but the man of power and authority had at least this superiority that he was at once the arbiter and the host. He was in the position of friendship, cordiality, hospitality, generosity and of judgment; and they, though his guests, were at the same time his prisoners. But who were they, and at what time were they there? Wolsey, was about to be shorn of his fancied nobility, and to lose the eye of favour. He was too much of a politician not to know what he had to expect; and he was really and truly a man of too great a mind to murmur at the fickleness of the King's favour. Lift up a beggar from the dunghill, sit him among princes, and if he is not gifted with that wisdom which knows who exalts and who puts down, he will neither know how to bear elevation or degradation. He is like an actor who, having enjoyed years of successful flattery, is astonished at his own decline, and knows not how to bear the coolness of disappointment. Happy the man whom nothing but the world to come can exalt; who preserves humility under all circumstances, and doing his duty nobly, retires into nothingness conscious that he is nobody. A great man this, indeed. He is like that great philosopher who, after a life of calculation, such as laid bare to the world the right movements of the heavenly bodies, declared that to himself he appeared no more than a child playing with a cup and ball, or blowing soap-bubbles with a tobacco-pipe. This is a species of intellectual innocence which very few men attain. Half the world knowing little, are apt to grow proud of the knowledge of that little, and have such conceit thereof as to imagine the world must think

them wonders; but the really wise man is wonderful only to himself in his knowledge of his own marvellous ignorance. Wolsey was a great man, as all the world proclaimed; but very few who saw him knew anything of the real greatness of his private character. Men in after age made him the theme of fallen pride, and descended upon his origin as if he rose from the butcher's shambles by impudence. There are some impudent men who do succeed in thrusting themselves into places for which they have no pretensions in the shape of mental qualifications whatsoever; and these men are generally the greatest boasters and vaunters of their own selves; but they usually die unnoticed or are looked upon with contempt by men of their own calibre. What must men of superior intellect think of them? Wolsey was no such mortal. He gave that day convincing proof of his being not only bred a gentleman, but of his having preserved the spirit of one through all the plenitude of his power, even to the moment of its decay. He was the first to propose such terms of peace to his visitors, as nothing but a heartless bigot could refuse. It was no compromise of principle, it was no admission of infidelity, it was no loss to induce a departure from that which De Freston held dear as his life, neither was it any jesuitical casuistry or show of lenity to discover the weakness of an adversary that he might attack him when he was asleep. No. It was Wolsey's greatness, certainly, induced by his circumstances which made him cast down the glove of philanthropy, or the olive branch of peace instead of that of defiance. It is said that the honesty of love must conquer even the proudest heart. It will conquer everything but the heart devoured by the love of money; and that heart death alone, and then only by violent constraint, can subdue." "Let us have our day's friendship," said Wolsey. "I give up all points of dispute. Let us have no divisions; let us be friends. To-morrow ye shall go free; free to return whence ye came, to the banks of the Orwell, to my native place; and if I could but step back thirty years and forget all the interval, I would kiss again the waters of my childhood, and dive into the waves. "But come, my dear companions of my youth, Pomp and I must, for a few hours, part company. Forget me as a Cardinal; look not on me as a judge. See me as I am, plain Thomas Wolsey, son of your old friend, nephew of your relative, and cousin to yourselves; but more than all this your truly humble servant, Archbishop of York. "If you will not receive me in this light, tell me, only tell me how you will accept me, and I am yours." Had it been bigotry, prejudice or fanaticism that dwelt in De Freston's soul he would have looked upon this language as merely a temptation to allure him into a snare, and have at once set his face as a flint against the offer of hospitality. He would have felt all the prejudices of pride against it, and have steeled his soul with rudeness to cut short the proposition of love. De Freston was no bigot, but a true Christian. He acknowledged the claim which Wolsey had upon his friendship, and at once graciously accepted his offer. "I came here to be judged, expecting to be condemned, by the very man whom I once knew as my friend. But I am neither judged nor condemned. I am neither put upon my trial nor acquitted, but am as though I had come into the house of an acquaintance, and why should I be so inhuman as to think of an enemy? "I accept your proffered hospitality for us all; and as far as in me lies, I will endeavour to enjoy it with that thankfulness which I am persuaded I ought to feel. Ellen, my daughter, what say you to this turn of the wind in our favour?" "Say, my dear father! say!—that I am proud of my early friend!" Never in life, before or after, did Wolsey feel his soul expand as it did at that moment. It was a moment of love in the soul of a man whose whole career had been devoted to ambition. The big tear started in his full eye, and actually rolled down his cheek, and fell upon his scarlet vest. Oh! that the tear of love could fall upon the scarlet vests of all Cardinals, and that they could see themselves as they are, but men of the same flesh, the same blood, the same bone, the same dust as the poorest protestant in these realms! Till then the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life will prevail in the dominion of the papacy. "Latimer, give me your hand," said Wolsey. "I have not behaved to you as I ought, and years of neglect cannot be atoned for in a moment. Your hand, William, reminds me of my youth, I cannot forget my university. Proud days we enjoyed together. Days

of anticipated triumph; since a long—anticipated hope, extinguished by yourself, but now blessed in seeing you happy." Great man! Greater infinitely have revealed this, the world would truly have sympathised with a man who, though raised to an eminence higher than that which any subject ever yet stood upon, was hurled down therefrom at the moment when his whole soul was full of pity and philanthropy. Ellen would not see the emotion of her early friend at such a time without a look of compassion, in which the generous and honest Latimer most fully shared. "It is best for us all to retire awhile," she said, "that we may each be composed for the harmony of a happy hour." "It is well said, my friends: after our unusual excitement, it will do us all good. My chamberlain will conduct you."

Old St. Paul's. By W. H. AINSWORTH. Chapman and Hall.

THIS is another of the shilling reprints of Mr. AINSWORTH'S romances, the merit of which lies in their research. They are histories of the places and times in which the scenes are laid, as this of *Old St. Paul's*. The building and the people that surrounded it live before us again in these pages.

Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller. Bohn.

A REPRINT, in Mr. Bohn's Shilling Series, in one volume of fine bold type, of one of the most popular productions of the author. All who have not yet read it should now do so; they will enjoy a great treat, and they who have already perused it will be sure to do so again when they can return to it at leisure upon their own shelves.

Hope Leslie. By Miss SEDGWICK. London: Routledge.

ONE of Mr. ROUTLEDGE'S singularly cheap Railway Library; the latest addition to it. The typography is bold and clear, so that it may be read with ease in the railway. The novel is one of Miss SEDGWICK'S happiest efforts.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Regeneration: or Divine and Human Nature. A Poem: in Six Books. By GEORGE MARSLAND. London: Pickering.

WE have great doubt whether the truths of religion are the best themes for poetry, because they far transcend in the mind of the reader even the sublimest thoughts of the poet. Our own ideas are already grander than we or any other person can express in words, and therefore all attempts at expression of them appear tame, imperfect, and prosaic, compared with our previous conceptions.

Hence it is that a young poet always appears to a disadvantage when the truths of religion are his theme: he cannot avoid sometimes being too minute in description, and thereby becoming irreverent; or losing himself in fine words and indistinct conceptions, and so becoming dreamy and unsubstantial.

Mr. MARSLAND modestly says in his preface that he is aware that his topics are "inexhaustible in the depth of their profundity and height of their sublimity," and that he has made but a feeble attempt to do justice to them. But it may be asked why he selected a topic which he confesses to be beyond his own powers, as indeed it is beyond those of any other human intellect.

There is as much skill in knowing what to write about as in writing. Mr. MARSLAND has strong poetical sensibilities, and might have produced a very pleasing poem on a theme less imposing, and more within the reach of mortal ken. But he has aimed at the impossible, and asks the world to judge him by that. We trust that he will not be so tried, or a very unfair estimate might be formed of his capacities. His mind is a soaring one; he has large sympathies and earnest aspirations, with bursts of poetical sentiment here and there. But, like all young writers, he is too careful about words; he places the word before the thought; he sometimes appears to think that an accumulation of epithets magnifies an idea. Occasionally, too, he falls into the reverse error, and in an endeavour to be simple becomes colloquial, as thus—

—Into being called
By the behest of God (and shall we add?)
That He to man alone might there display, &c.

This is decidedly inadmissible. Another fault, but a more rare one, is a not sufficient regard for the euphony of metre. As in the following line in the same page:

Who with himself communion might hold.

We note these small errors that Mr. MARSLAND may avoid them in future efforts.

With these few observations upon the poet's excellences and defects, the one capable of cultivation with study, and the other to be cured by care and practice, we close this volume. We hope on the next occasion to meet Mr. MARSLAND on a theme more within the compass of human capacity, and which will afford better scope for his powers, without bringing his expressions into direct contrast with the mind's unspeakable contemplations. He will then, doubtless, appear to greater advantage, for if he can handle such a topic as this so creditably, much may be expected of a more manageable one.

A specimen or two will explain the meaning of our remarks.

The poet, like most poets, probably like most young men, whether they be poets or not, had, it seems, often gone in search of "beauty's shrine,"—with what success let himself tell—but we cannot help asking where he was so fortunate as to find so charming a creature in the condition implied by

A female such as mother Eve might be,
When first she Adam's fond caress received.

But poets are permitted a little license, so we must excuse the idea for the sake of the pretty description.

I too have on devoted pilgrimage
Oft sallied forth, in search of beauty's shrine:
Many I found, and at each one I paid
The silent homage of a wrapt devotion.
But fain I would have found the Goddess fair,
That I might crown her queen and worship her.
In my long wanderings I found, at last,
The fairest of the train of Nature's works;
A female, such as mother Eve might be,
When first she Adam's fond caress received;
A model true of grace and loveliness;
A perfect woman—highest antitype
Of Nature's beauty, in maturest form;
Whilst leaning on that soft and tender swell,
So full expressive of maternal love—
Her breast; (nearest resembling anything
In Nature else, that of the faithful dove.)
There lay a roseate boy—clasped with a love
That fain would once more mingle flesh and blood,
And drink his spirit in communion sweet:
A holy tie to crown connubial bliss.
I gazed on them—the rosebud and the rose—
Enraptured stood, and saw my beau ideal,
Even the perfection of God's workmanship.
It was a trinity of beauteous life,
Of form the symmetry, the tenderest
Affection, of the holiest, purest kind,
All meeting to embrace their sweetest fruit:
And that I thought the paragon must be.
But I grew wiser soon, and then I learnt
That nature was corrupt, by sin deformed;
And thus that e'en the beauty was defiled;
For sin had found a lodgment there.

Putting this and that together, the nude condition of the lady, the "roseate boy," and the poet's discovery after his raptures, that "sin had found a lodgment there," we fear that he had innocently strayed into some place of doubtful reputation.

The following sketch will illustrate our observations as to the difficulty of dealing with such topics.

RELIGION.

Religion's not a prim and ancient maid,
Who sits apart in state, raising her hands
And eyes, in awful exclamation, at
The tale of others' faults; as tho' 'twere need
To make secure her modesty from stain;
Not one who fears her reputation may
Be stained by moving with a crowd; she is
A maid that feareth not to mingle with
The world; secure in character, without
Pretence: It argues not a bodily
Disease in him who visiteth the Sick,
To ply the healing art, nor more in him
Who boldly walks the world's great hospital.
A heart corrupt; for where is light so much
Required as in the dark? Salvation, as
Unto the lost! Salt as to decompose
Corruption's elements? Christ prayed not
To take His people from the earth, but to
Preserve them from the evil in't; the Church
Is in the world, but as a city on
A hill should stand.

Here is a sensible

REFLECTION.

'Tis not the trees that crown the mountain top,
And rear erect and high their lofty heads
That yield the richest fruit; but those which creep
Along the ground, and, as the luscious vine,

Receive the parent prop, and love to climb,
And with their outstretched tendrils intertwine
Affectionate embrace; so, in the world
Of moral growth the richest fruit is found
In clusters round the humble heart that cleaves
The closest in affection to its God.

M. R. T.

One Hundred Sonnets. By HENRY FRANK LOTT.
London: Willoughby & Co.

THE Sonnet is more popular with writers than readers. The cause of this we are unable to ascertain, for it is the most difficult of all forms of poetry. Mr. LOTT is one of the few who have mastered these difficulties, his Sonnets are extremely graceful, and they have the rare merit of being each a perfect development of one thought. We take one appropriate to the time.

O lay me not among the festering heap,
They crowd within a city sepulchre!
That loathsome desecration.—I'd prefer
Rather to lie untomb'd than there to sleep.
Bury me in some lone churchyard, where sweet
All the four winds alternate o'er my cell,
And where the daisy and the pimpernel
May close their eyes at eve and seem to weep.
I loved such spots ere muse of Blair or Gray
To hallow them unto my mind was given,
And oft since then the eye of pensive Even
Has seen me in their precincts thoughtful stray;
Here let my form commingle with the clay,
And here await th' awakening breath of Heaven.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Decline of England. By LEDRU ROLLIN. Vol. 1.
Churton.

WE had really expected something smart and severe, if not profound, from the announcement of a book with such a title from the pen of so flaming a red republican as LEDRU ROLLIN. We have been disappointed. It is a remarkably dull and uninteresting book. The greater portion of it consists of extracts from the reports of the *Morning Chronicle* on the condition of Labour and the Poor, and from these he argues that England is declining in greatness, and that in no long time she will be nothing more than a little island again, with a very insignificant population of very poor and wicked people. He considers England "friendless" among the nations because she is so "grasping," and pursues her ambitious aims without regard for justice. Is it so? Is not England at least as honest in her policy as any nation? Internally and externally is not her position far in advance of France? If a similar microscopic survey were made of Paris and the departments, would there not be revealed quite as much of poverty as is shown in the columns of *The Morning Chronicle*? M. ROLLIN, like many others, appears to suppose, because we have been taking pains of late to ferret out misery and vice, it is of recent creation. But this is not true; it is only revealed to us for the first time; it has existed ever, and as we fear, ever will until human nature itself be changed. It is quite unnecessary to wade through this farrago of narrow-mindedness, ignorance and conceit.

RELIGION.

Sermons. By JOSEPH SORTAIN, A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin, Minister of North-street Chapel, Brighton. Brighton: Tolthorp. London: Longman and Co.

A SERIES of twenty-three sermons, rather above the average in sense and eloquence. Those on "The Spirituality of the Divine Nature," the "Concentration of Christian Purpose," and the "Characteristics of Charity," are especially worthy of consideration. A larger spirit runs through these discourses than we are able to discover in most of those that are submitted to us for critical notice.

SOME pamphlets on the religious topics of the time have come to hand, which we briefly notice. Mr. H. J. SLACK, of the Middle Temple, has published a tract under the title of *The Church of the Future, an Essay towards its Realization*. His desire is for an enlargement of the Church, by opening its doors to all who profess the grand outlines of Christianity and call upon the name of Christ, no longer rejecting those who differ

only upon secondary questions, on which there ever will be differences. He thinks, too, that the preachings of the Church might be improved, so as to adapt themselves more to the present state of human intelligence. A single passage will show the excellent feeling and sound sense that have suggested this pamphlet:—"To come more particularly to the subject in hand, the 'Church of the Future,' let us briefly consider those religious ideas and feelings to which it must be capable of giving efficient utterance. It is clearly useless to describe opinions which are the landmarks of particular sects; for if the Church means anything worth man's attention, it will comprehend the wise and good of all sects, leaving to all that individual diversity which seems naturally to spring from an honest exercise of human faculties. Looking at the subject in this spirit, we recognise first, the Theistic idea, comprehending the Christ idea. In these we find the antecedents to which veneration, worship, and affection have distinct relation. Then the Human idea must be considered—the imperfect desiring to grow perfect—the failings and errors of ignorance, and its offspring vice—the need of having hold of some clue, some golden thread to guide man on his way, or some outstretched hand to help him back when wandering from the true path; the yearning after something like his best self, yet far above him, and the means of reaching it and being one with it. The Church of the Future must have regard to the thirst for knowledge and to the desire for worship. It must have in it means of strengthening man for the performance of duty; it must be able to sanctify suffering and kindle the torch of immortal hope, amid the decay of pleasure, and the ruins of cherished expectation: it must stimulate thoughts and feelings that soar heavenward, and return, bearing celestial light, to give new splendour to success, and cast some illumination athwart the gloom of despair: it must minister for good in life and death: it must shed a hallowing influence on all human relations from the cradle to the grave: it must be a guide for time and a beacon for eternity. The end of knowledge, the object of feeling, the desire of faith must all be found in the ideal presented to its worshippers by anything that shall desire to be called the 'Church of the Future.' The ritual service of dark ages will not suffice—things that have affinities with the days of the Megalosauros will not do now—much less will they be adapted to the wants of coming time. The spread of education, the universal stimulus to intellect, demand that the understanding shall have its religion as well as the heart."—One Mr. J. B. HOPKINS has printed a few pages called *God, a positive Demonstration*, the object of which is stated to be to prove the existence of a God by reasoning, as if any reasoning man disputed it. What more useless task than to prove what nobody denies.—*Catechetical Lessons on the Apostles' Creed* is stated in the advertisement to be intended for the use of very young children, but only a matured intellect could understand it—to the child it would be a chaos.

—The Hon. R. CAVENTISH has addressed *A Letter to Archdeacon Hare on the Judgment in the Gorham case*, containing a clever argument, on Roman Catholic principles, in favour of the Bishop of Exeter's views on the Gorham case. It runs thus:—"Heresy is a denial of the faith. The faith is not the letter of the Bible, but the interpretations put upon the letter by the Church (query, which Church, Rome or England?) The Church is the habitation of the Holy Spirit, and, inspired by it, therefore, the Church cannot err in its interpretation—therefore, the Church is infallibly right;—therefore, I, as a member of the infallible Church, am infallibly right;—therefore, all who differ from me are unquestionably wrong;—therefore, I am saved, and they are damned;—therefore, the Church, as I understand it, ought to have unlimited command over conscience;—therefore, it is the master, and not the servant, of the State." Such is the substance of the Hon. RICHARD CAVENTISH's argument, very ably expanded into a pamphlet of thirty-six pages. Its worth must be left to the determination of the reader.—The subject of University Reform has called forth two pamphlets, one by the Rev. T. BISSET, M.A., of Cambridge, entitled *Suggestions on University Reform*, suggesting various important alterations in the management of the seats of learning, so as better to adapt them to the wants of the age; the other, *A Letter to Sir R. H. Inglis*, by the Rev. C. A. LOW, of Oxford, advocating reform of the universities with equal strenuousness, and pointing out

divers particulars in which Oxford needs amendment. It would appear from these productions by members of either University, that the Commission will be more serviceable than the Heads of Houses are willing to admit, and that there is more room for improvement than themselves are conscious of.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Amyotts' Home; or Life in Childhood. By the author of "Life's Lessons," &c. London: Groombridge. 1850.

THE design of this pretty little tale is excellent. It is to inspire in children a respect for their own age, and to inculcate a sense of the holy bond between Life and Duty, showing that the small efforts and victories of the child, on the side of virtue, are precisely of the nature of those which make the Heroes and Philanthropists of grown-up life. This is effected by a simple narrative of the sayings and doings of the children of the Amyott family, and we think the authoress has not erred in supposing that children might be made to feel as much or more interest in the trials and pleasures of children, circumstanced like themselves, as in tales that describe the virtues and vices, the joys and sorrows, of men and women. She has carried out this design most ably, and this little volume will be an acquisition to the nursery and the school.

SMALL BOOKS.

A PILE of little books and pamphlets has collected upon our table since we last disposed of them. Mr. GEORGE NETTLE has sent a *Practical Guide for Emigrants to North America*, containing ample instructions, the results of his own seven years' experience as an emigrant.—*Three Lectures on the Principles of Taxation.* By Denis C. Haron, Barrister-at-Law, Professor of Jurisprudence at Queen's College, Glasgow, is an able summary of a subject which ought to be more scientifically pursued by statesmen and journalists than it has been. He has come to the same conclusion as all other thinking men, that the fairest tax, and really the least onerous to the payer and the least injurious to the public weal, is a justly imposed income-tax: he believes that with better information the objections to this form of taxation will vanish, and that ultimately it will be substituted for all other taxes.—Mr. HENRY COST has published *A New System of Calisthenic Exercises* for the purpose of expanding the chest, illustrated with engravings. But he will not do much to improve the figure by stretching the arms and shoulders unless he can persuade the ladies to leave off stays; the latter will assuredly be more than a match for the former.—*The Principle of Health Transferable* is the second edition of a little pamphlet powerfully contending that mesmerism is a cure for disease.—An Englishman has published an *Appeal to the good sense of the British Public on the Post-office Question*. He contends that a daily post is the privilege of the people, which a faction has no right to deprive them of. He asserts that the late decision of the House of Commons was a surprise and an accident and did not express the opinion of the whole House, far less of the whole people; that the threatened deprivation will be only an encouragement to further invasions of fanatics upon the comforts and pleasures of the community. He argues that it is a violation of religious liberty for those who think it wrong to read a newspaper or letter on a Sunday to command those who do not think it wrong to resign them. He calls it the greatest act of tyranny that modern times have witnessed, and invokes the assistance of the whole people to resist the threatened slavery on its threshold.—*London Life as it is*, is an excellent guide to the sights and amusements of the metropolis, its inns, taverns, &c.,—invaluable to strangers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh. By JAMES GRANT. Blackwood & Sons.

THERE is a feeling of hallowed interest about all old structures, particularly those with

which a nation's history is connected. Each gateway and narrow stair—each turret window and dungeon cell—has a story of its own—recalling the past most vividly, by the associations of names and events. The very stones become connecting links between the present and former ages—giving a life-like reality to the phantasmagoria of history, and personality to one abstract ideal of the names that flourished therein.

We confess ourselves to be the most credulous of listeners to the whole fraternity of guides and cicerones. We almost like to be deceived. We know—at least History tells us—that such and such events took place on this earth, and that certain great villains—or heroes, it does not signify which we call them,—were born, lived and died in certain localities. Admitting these to be facts, it is just as well to stretch the imagination a little, and believe what the ancient chroniclers have recorded, and the modern cicerones invented. If any of us have been in the chamber where a notable murder is said to have taken place, centuries before, we immediately become convinced of the authenticity of that murder—It must be so, we have seen the place—but, to the rest of the world, it may appear incredible, as *BANQUO's* ghost was invisible at the supper to all but *MACBETH*. Yes, we like to be deceived in these matters of *locale*. We like to have the indistinctness of history made clear, and certain *unrecorded* details supplied. There is not more harm in believing that *JAMES the Fourth* dined off mutton in such a room on such a day, than in crediting the stories we hear of our next door neighbours starving their servants in this present nineteenth century.

All old buildings seem like vouchers of history, and, as such, their records must be read with interest. There is not, perhaps, in the United Kingdom, an edifice more identified with historical associations—fabulous as well as true—than the Castle of Edinburgh. The stern fortress has looked down upon many a bloody tumult: its walls have witnessed many a legal murder, and its floors been stained with many a secret assassination. The traitor has plotted beneath its roof, and the rebel assailed its battlements. Many a heart-stirring tale its records may tell—records which *MR. GRANT*, availing himself of, has compiled into a complete history of the old Castle, and given to the world in the interesting volume now under notice. The origin of both tower and castle are lost in the mists of obscurity. "The most ancient name," says our author, "that can be traced for this fortress, is *May-dyn*;" and hence, perhaps, the legend that it was a castle where the maidens of royal birth were lodged, and the tradition quoted by *IRELAND*, how seven wicked Knights dwelt there, who "devoured all the faire maidens they could lay hands upon."

History represents the celebrated *EDWIN*, King of Northumbria, as residing there, and giving it the name of "*Edwin's-burgh*:" possibly the fortress may owe its first creation to him. We must, however, leave our readers to discuss these points with the author in his pages. Much that is curious and interesting may be collected from this volume. The following description of the ancient appointments of a royal apartment is quaint:

The floors of polished oak were covered with "saxteen turkie carpets;" the tables were of massive oak, elaborately carved; the chairs of gilded leather, with cushions of brocade and damask, the high backs being

carved with the royal crown and cypher; while the quantity of cloth of gold in the hangings of beds and decorations of other apartments, is truly amazing. Here, too, Mary kept her little library. It consisted of one hundred and fifty-three volumes, some of them vellum MSS., and contained *Lucan*, *Sallust*, *Titus Livius*, the tomes of *St. Augustine*, *Valerius Maximus*, *Vita Christi*, *Virgil*, *Esaia* in Greek and Hebrew, *Ronsard*, *Amadis de Gaul*, *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, *Orlando Furioso*, and many volumes of romance and poetry. The contents of its shelves, however heterogeneous, evince how superior were the mind and attainments of Mary to those of the preachers and nobles who surrounded her. She had several volumes of theology, one of music, and "ane bulk of *devility*," a mysterious title, on which there is no comment in the Inventory.

The celebrated piece of ordnance known by the novel name of "*Mons Meg*," is here described:

It weighs six tons and a half, and is composed of malleable iron bars hooped together; the balls are twenty-one inches in diameter, and hewn of granite. In 1489, we first find *Meg* mentioned in Scottish history, when *James IV.* conveyed her from the Castle of Edinburgh to the siege of *Dunbarton*. There cannot be adduced the shadow of a proof that this cannon was made at *Mons* in Flanders; while a tradition, supported by very strong evidence, proves almost beyond a doubt that it was manufactured by Scottish artisans, and by command of *James II.* When the *Douglases* were forfeited, in 1455, their castle of *Thrieve* (or *Thrave*) was the last stronghold that held out for *James, Duke of Touraine*, who had been totally defeated on *Ancrum Muir*, and had his noble lordship of *Galloway* annexed to the crown. . . . A tradition, preserved in the *Statistical Account* of the parish of *Kelton*, asserts that a blacksmith named *McKim*, who, with his sons, had witnessed the futile operations of the King's artillery against the ponderous masonry of the vast donjon, offered, if furnished with proper materials, to construct a more efficient piece of ordnance. *James II.* gladly accepted his offer, and the inhabitants of the district, anxious to evince their loyalty to the King, and hatred of the *Douglases* contributed each a *gaud*, or bar of iron. The brawny *McKim* and his sturdy sons were set to work, and soon produced the famous cannon known as *Mons Meg*. The unvarying tradition which, for four hundred years, pointed out the place where it was forged, (a mound at *Buchan's Croft*, in the immediate vicinity of the *Three Thorns* of *Carlinwark*), received confirmation, when the labourers engaged on the military road there, when removing the *knoll*, found it to be a mass of such cinders and refuse as are usually left by a large forge. On its completion, the royal cannoniers dragged this enormous piece of ordnance to a height in front of the Castle, which, to this hour, is called *Knockcannon*. The charge is said to have been a peck of powder and a granite ball of the weight of a *Carsphairn cow*. The first shot, we are told, went right through the Castle-hall, and took away the hand of the Countess of *James*, eleventh Earl of *Douglas*, and sixth Duke of *Touraine*, *Margaret*, (the Fair Maid of *Galloway*), as she was in the act of raising a cup of wine to her lips.

The following legend is remarkable, as characteristic of the mingled credulity and poetry of the age. It appears that *MORTON* was charged with the murder of *DARNLEY* by Captain *JAMES STEWART*, the young king's pampered minion and favourite courtier—and imprisoned. The ex-regent seems, however, to have entertained no dread of his future destiny.

On the 29th of May, after five months' durance, he was brought back to his former prison, escorted by Captain *Stewart* (then created an earl), with the royal guard of horse. . . . On the commission for his trial being shown him, he observed the name of *James, Earl of Arran*. "Who is he—who is this man?" he asked the Governor. "'Tis Captain *James Stewart*, of *Bothwell Muir*," replied the Master of *Mar*. The Earl changed colour, and stroked his long beard, which flowed to his girdle. "And is it so!" he rejoined. "I now know what I may expect, for there is an ancient prophecy, that the *Red Heart* shall fall into

the Mouth of *Arran*." He was found guilty of the same crime for which he had put so many others to death, and on the 2nd June was beheaded by the Maiden, an instrument of his own invention. He died unprotected and unpitied, amid the execration of assembled thousands.

From the earlier traditions of the history we extract the story of "*Grime's consort*."

In the discord which ensued between *Malcolm*, prince of *Cumberland* (son of *Kenneth II.*), and *Grime* the usurper, when, by the mediation of *Fothad the Good*, Bishop of *St. Andrews*, Scotland was divided between them, the wall of *Severus* being the boundary of both, *Edwinburgh*, with the territory around it, fell to the lot of *Malcolm*; but it is related that the queen of *Grime* resided there while her husband was fighting against the Danish invaders.

An ancient tradition concerning the residence of *Grime's consort* at *Edinburgh*, and illustrative of that barbarous age, is preserved in the parish of *Tweednair*. *Grime* is said to have granted by charter his hunting-seat of *Polmood* to one of his attendants surnamed the Hunter, whose race were to possess it while wood grew and water ran.

Leaving his queen in *Edwin's* solitary tower, *Grime* often pursued the pleasures of the chase among the wilds of *Polmood*, in the neighbourhood of which he saw *Bertha Badlieu*, a woman of great beauty, who, by chance or design, placed herself in his way. Her charms soon proved more attractive to *Grime* than the chase of the wild boar or the Caledonian bull; all his fortitude was overcome, and he became her captive—her lover. In process of time, a son was the result of their intimacy, and the forgotten queen, though residing in solitude and quiet at the castle of *Edinburgh*, resolved on a deadly revenge.

An invasion of the Danes soon called *Grime* and the Scottish tribes to arms, when she immediately despatched to *Badlieu* certain assassins who murdered *Bertha*, her aged father and infant son, and, burying them in one grave, heaped above it a rough tumulus that still marks the spot.

After this the queen became distracted with horror, remorse and fear, and died before the return of her husband, who, after vanquishing the Danes, and destroying their galleys, hastened to *Badlieu*, to the society of the beautiful *Bertha* and their child, but found only their grave. Filled with a morbid horror, the half barbarian prince ordered the tumulus to be opened that he might behold their mangled remains once again, and from that moment lost all relish for life or its pleasures. He returned to the *Castellum Puellarum* no more, but, plunging into a war with *Malcolm*, was deserted by his warriors in battle, taken captive, and, after having his eyes put out, died in grief and misery in the tenth year of his reign.

We conclude with a recommendation to our readers to procure this volume. It contains much that will be new, even to those well versed in Scottish History,—many of the most curious records having been collected from sources not generally accessible. The author has done ample justice to his subject.

C. A. H. B.

How to Emigrate; or the British Colonists. A Tale for all Classes. By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Esq. author of "The Prime Minister," &c. London: Grant & Co.

MR. KINGSTON has distinguished himself as the active promoter of a society for the furtherance of emigration, and the purpose of this little volume is to aid the designs of that society by conveying to emigrants, in the form of a tale, full information as to the best methods both of emigrating and assisting others to emigrate; the preparations to be made and the advantages offered by a colonial life; he endeavours also to give an ideal but practical sketch of the system of emigration, which he more especially advocates, and which he has actually been instrumental in forming in some districts.

All who contemplate emigration should certainly read this very interesting and instructive volume.

The Cambrian Mirror; or, the Tourist's Companion through North Wales, &c. By EDWARD PARRY. Eighth Thousand. London: Whittaker. 1850.

THE facilities afforded by the railways have vastly multiplied the numbers of tourists and the beauties of North Wales are becoming more and more frequented every year by troops of visitors. No wonder, then, that already eight thousand copies have been sold of this admirable little Handbook for Travellers to that region of mountain and stream, lake and waterfall; for it is an indispensable companion. It describes minutely the various routes, the conveyances, the inns, the places to be visited, the points of sight; all, in short, which the tourist requires, saving him the cost and inconvenience of a guide. A large map and many engravings add much to its utility and interest, and make it a remembrancer as well as a guide.

The Golden Remains of the Early Masonic Writers. By the Rev. G. OLIVER, D.D. Vol. 5, Masonic Morality. London: Spencer.

THIS curious book contains a reprint of a series of Discourses on Masonry, delivered on divers public occasions, by the Rev. T. M. HARRIS, of Massachusetts. They abound in Masonic precepts, and overflow with fraternal feeling; but, as literary compositions, they scarcely merit preservation. However, to the craft they will be welcome, as a fragment in the history of their order.

The National Cyclopædia. Vol. 10. C. Knight.

THIS truly national work is fast hastening to a conclusion, and it is now certain that it will be completed within the limits originally announced, a rare virtue in a publication of this class. This 10th volume extends from the word "Railway" to the word "Siege." As our readers are aware, it is richly illustrated with wood-cuts, and in cheapness it has no rival in the whole history of literature, and in even this time of cheap books.

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. 2.

THIS volume is equally attractive with the first. It contains papers, written in a popular but instructive strain, on "The Sanitary Movement," "Washington and his Contemporaries," "Memorabilia of the Seventeenth Century in Britain," an extremely curious collection of strange facts: "The ruined cities of Central America," "The Secret Societies of Modern Europe," and a copious memoir of FRANCIS JEFFREY. It is the best of all the Messrs. CHAMBERS's many good enterprises.

The Cricketer's Guide. By JOHN NYREN. 8th Edition.

FULL directions, by an experienced hand, for playing this manly game, and, if persons could be taught by reading, this book would teach them. But they cannot—it can only be acquired by practice.

1. *Commercial Law*; 2. *Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants*; 3. *Plain Guide to Executors and Administrators.* Washbourne.

THREE little books intended to popularize law—to inform persons what they may do safely, and what they ought to do, in certain relations of life. So far, they are calculated to be useful; but persons should take care not to trust to anonymous guides in legal matters of weightier concern. *Every Man his Own Lawyer* has made more work for the lawyers than any book ever published.

Washington Irving's Sketch Book. Bohn.

THIS work is too well known to need description here. It has taken its place as one of the classics of our language. Now that it is included in Bohn's Shilling Series, it will, of course, be possessed by every household.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Dublin University Magazine, for June, is various and interesting. DR. LARDNER's treatise on "Railway Economy," is the text of an article full of information

on "The Wonders of Modern Locomotion." Another paper of rare merit is that entitled "The Revolutionism of Mirabeau." At this time there is a rage for private theatricals, produced probably by the example of Windsor Castle: an essay on this subject will therefore prove an attractive one, and the more so as it abounds in curious and original anecdote. "An Afternoon with the Stations," is another noticeable contribution, as is that called "A Taste of French Theatricals." Altogether, there is more both of variety and ability in this number of *Ireland's Maga* than we have seen for a long time.

The 2nd Part of CHARLES KNIGHT's *Half Hours with the Best Authors*, supplies a whole month's reading—a portion for each day selected with extreme taste from the most famous writers the world has seen. It should be a part of every school library, and should be read aloud in every family.

The Gentleman's Magazine, for June, continues to exhibit the improvements recently commenced. It opens with a *fac simile* of Masquers, sketched by INIGO JONES. The literary contents are various and appropriate to the antiquarian and historical character of this magazine, the valuable Obituary maintaining the reputation it has so long ago achieved.

The Eclectic Review, for June, has not improved under its new management; it is tainted with the illiberal and persecuting spirit that produced the change; but still there are some papers of general interest, as those on "The Hungarian War," and "The History of the Newspaper Press." The political article is on the Metropolitan Interments Bill.

Sharpe's London Magazine, for June, has two very good steel engravings, and an unusual variety of original papers, the most interesting of which is that containing some personal recollections of the late T. CAMPBELL, written by an intimate friend. This number completes the 11th volume.

The British Gazetteer, Part 14, contains large maps of Westmorland and Herefordshire, and a view of the Dining Hall of Christ Church in Oxford. It advances the Gazetteer itself to the letter H. The local information it gives is more copious than is to be found in any similar work yet published, and it is singularly cheap.

Pictorial Half Hours. Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. Part 1. This is another of the indefatigable Mr. KNIGHT's judicious enterprises for the instruction and amusement of the people. The plan is this: Mr. KNIGHT possesses some thousands of wood-cuts used for illustrating his various publications. The most beautiful and interesting of these he proposes to select, and accompanying them with letter-press descriptions of the objects represented, to produce three or four volumes, which shall have the double attraction of food for the eye and for the mind, and which will assist in that best of all educational devices, the teaching by means of the sight. Thus among the thirty wood-cuts in the present part, MURILLO's Spanish Beggar Boys; a View of Old Manchester; the Finger Alphabet; English Antiquarian Relics; Moles; the Orange and Caoutchouc Trees; the Road Waggoner, by CRESWICK; the Statue of GUTENBERG, &c. &c. To young and old this work will be equally attractive, and it is so very cheap that every household may possess it.

The People's and Howitt's Journal, for June, gives some excellent wood-cuts in addition to its usual variety of good and interesting literature. It is one of the best of the cheap periodicals, and deserves its name.

The Catholic Magazine and Register, for June, is not exclusively sectarian and theological. Some of its essays and poetry are equal to any in the best magazines.

The Ecclesiologist, for June. This is the periodical issued by the Cambridge Society to which we are so greatly indebted for having revived the taste for Art in England, and preserved so many of our most valuable relics from decay and destruction. Here its doings are chronicled, and all that relates to ecclesiastical architecture will be found.

The Theologian and Ecclesiastic, for June, is a clever periodical devoted to diffusing High Church—almost Roman Catholic—doctrine.

The Imperial Cyclopædia. Cyclopædia of Geography, Part 2. We described the plan of this work in our last. The present number fully sustains the promise of the first. The information is extremely copious;

from almost every place there has been an original communication, so that the latest particulars have been collected. This part extends from the word "Barn-staple," to the word "Birmingham," and it contains also coloured maps of *North Wales* and *Australia*, and plans of Dublin and Edinburgh; each surrounded with eight finely engraved views of the principal buildings or other memorable objects.

The National Cyclopædia, Part 41, advances as far as the word "Sisymbrium." It contains many wood-cuts.

The Cottage Gardener, for May, contains the usual abundance of practical information for amateurs.

Illustrations of Useful Plants, No. 128, contains coloured plates, with letter-press descriptions, of the *Convolvulus* and *Assafetida*.

The first part of a *History of British Birds*, by the Rev. F. C. MORRIS, B.A., promises to be a valuable contribution to Natural History. It contains four coloured engravings of Birds found in the British Islands, the Griffin Vulture, the Egyptian Vulture, the Erne and the Golden Eagle, and each engraving is accompanied with a letter-press description, an account of the localities in which the bird has been found, and anecdotes of its habits and manners. It is the cheapest work on the Natural History of Great Britain which was ever published—extremely amusing and instructive to read, and an ornament to the drawing-room table.

LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE AND TRUST SOCIETY.

It is not *Leaseholders* only who will find their advantage in this Society—*Copyholders* will reap equal benefits from it.

Many *Copyholds* pay *heriots* on the death of the tenant; some pay large *finés* on a change of tenancy; some are held on *lives*. In all these cases, it is extremely inconvenient for the owners to be suddenly called upon to pay sums of money, often considerable, and for which no sufficient provision has been made.

Now, to enable *Copyholders* to meet all or any of these claims, the *Law Property Assurance Society* will assure to them the means of making such payments whenever they become due, on the *Copyholder* paying to the Society a small sum annually.

So it is with *Lifesholds*. If any reader holds property upon a life or lives, when the life drops, he will either lose the property or be obliged to pay a large sum of money in order to put in another life in lieu of the one that has dropped.

Now, by an Insurance with this Society, paying a small sum every year, the value of the property, or the cost of putting in the new life, will be assured to the owner, let the life drop whenever it may, even the next day after the assurance is effected.

The Society also effects ordinary LIFE ASSURANCE: that is to say, the father of a family, by paying a small sum every year to the Society, may secure to his family a maintenance after his death, let it happen whenever it may, so that an Assurance thus made is a source of peace of mind to him thereafter, knowing that, although his life is uncertain, he has made a certain provision for his wife and children. Any sum may be thus assured, even to 20*l.*, or an annuity, or any other form of payment most convenient. Persons assuring here have the peculiar advantage of sharing FOUR-FIFTHS of the profits of the Office, and from the nature and variety of the business these must be considerably greater than can be obtained elsewhere.

Also, by paying a weekly, monthly, or quarterly sum, the Society will agree to pay to a person, when he arrives at any age he may name, an *Annuity*, which will be a provision for him in the declining years of his life; and

if he dies before the annuity becomes payable, nine-tenths of the premiums paid will be returned to his family or executors.

Another useful design of the Society is to make loans on the principle of *Building Societies*—that is to say, to advance the value on mortgage of land, &c., to be repaid by monthly or quarterly instalments. It will have this advantage over Building Societies, that it will give the same accommodation to borrowers without subjecting them to the same risks and liabilities as they now incur from the dishonesty or bad calculations of those by whom such Societies are too often conducted.

Any further particulars which any person may desire to have as to any of these departments of its business, will be readily supplied by the Secretary, on application by letter, or personally, at the Offices, 30, Essex-street, Strand.

As all new Societies are looked upon with some suspicion, unless their origin be known, it may be satisfactory to state that this has been avowedly established by *The Law Times*, which stakes its own high character and position upon the perfect respectability and responsibility of the Society, so that the most entire confidence may be felt in dealing with it.

MUSIC.

The Art of Singing, in the form of a Grammatical System. By D. F. CREVELL. London: Published by the Author.

THIS is the most complete instructor in the Art of Singing we have ever seen. It proceeds, as such a work should do, on certain philosophical principles, which serve to direct the development of the organ of sound and the cultivation of the vocal powers. The directions are simple and practical, and both in English and Italian: the lessons advance by easy steps, and each one is familiarly explained, and the learner is told precisely how he ought to manage his voice so as to perform the notes set down for him. A series of ornamental exercises for the voice close the book, which we cannot too strongly recommend to all who purpose learning to sing.

Crosse's Instructions for Singing. A New Edition. By C. M. SOLA. London: Cocks and Co.

THIS is a much less elaborate work than the preceding, but its reputation has been long established. It teaches intonation and flexibility of the voice, and includes a very valuable method of teaching how to sing a second and to the accompaniment of any instrument. Signor SOLA has introduced some improvements and corrections and much added to the utility of the work.

The Metropolitan Polka. By Miss BENTLEY. D'Almaine & Co.

A LIVELY air, well adapted to the cheerful dance it is intended to accompany.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

THE Marylebone and Sadler's Wells Theatres have closed, and at other houses an early termination of the season is announced.—Mr. Farren has become the lessee of the Olympic Theatre.—It is stated Drury Lane Theatre is again to be confided to Mr. Bunn for opera; and that at Her Majesty's Theatre Promenade Concerts are to be given during autumn and early winter,—with Mdle. Albani as the star vocalist.—Verdi is writing another new opera, for Venice next Carnival. He receives the enormous sum of 23,000 lire.—Mrs. Kemble (late Mrs. Butler), is said to meditate returning to England in September, with the intention of giving a series of dramatic readings.—Madame Viardot Garcia has left Berlin, and is expected in London.—Miss Miran has been singing in the Piedmontese towns as *Pippo* and as *Rosina*, with considerable success.—Mr. Jarret has undertaken to conduct the Wednesday Concerts to the close of the

series originally announced by Mr. Stammers.—The *Gazette Musicale* announces that Dr. Spohr has just finished a ninth symphony, entitled "The Seasons"—that M. Meyerbeer has produced a torch-dance, by way of *pièce d'occasion* for the marriage of the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen—and that Mdle. Jenny Lind is about to grace the nuptials of the Prince Royal of Sweden with the Princess Louisa of Holland, by breaking her vows; having accepted the principal part in an opera by MM. Jolin and Hartmann, which is to make a feature in the festivities.—The thirty-third anniversary of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund was held on Monday; with brilliant musical assistance, the usual reports and speeches. The subscriptions amounted to 573*l.* 10*s.*

Our contemporaries announce that in the interval betwixt the close and the recommencement of the Sacred Harmonic Society's Concerts, it is intended to make some important changes in Exeter Hall with a view to its improvement as a music room. "According to these plans, the roof is to be raised, the organ to be thrown back, and the pillars in front of the great gallery to be removed."

We have had an opportunity of inspecting the Metallic Flutes, manufactured by Messrs. Rudall and Rose. They are superior to any hitherto in use, and are very elegant in appearance, particularly those made of silver gilt; the additional keys give a facility in executing difficult passages, having a complete chromatic scale and perfect intonation of sound, with a tone of the finest quality; they are also extremely light, which is another advantage, as well as adapted to all climates.

ART.

The Gallery of Illustrious Americans. Parts 1 and 2. New York: Brady; London: Wiley.

To the citizens of the States this will be a welcome publication. It is designed to give to them large engraved portraits of twenty-four of the most illustrious of their fellow citizens since the time of WASHINGTON, accompanied with biographical sketches from the pen of Mr. C. C. LESTER. The two parts before us contain portraits of President TAYLOR and Mr. CALHOUN, the former a broad, hard, stern, and resolute face, just such as might have been expected from the character of the man. The aspect of Mr. CALHOUN is more venerable, more keen, and vastly more gentlemanly. The engravings are of the first class, and prove that in art our American brethren are not lagging far behind us.

The Art Union, for June, continues its series of engravings of the pictures in the Vernon Gallery. The first is CALCOTT'S *Crossing the Stream*, very cleverly done: the other is CHARLES LANDSEER'S *Clarissa Harlowe*, on which Mr. PERIAM has bestowed great skill and pains. There is a third engraving of BAILY'S beautiful group of *The Three Graces*. Besides these, there are numerous wood-cuts, illustrating the papers on art, with portraits of distinguished artists and other attractions, making it by far the most extraordinary production of this age of cheap literature.

Portrait of John Hullah. Ashbee.

THE numerous pupils of this gentleman, and all who admire the perseverance with which he has laboured to diffuse among the people of England not only a love of music but the capacity for executing it, will be glad to place in their rooms this truthful portrait of him, from a drawing on stone by Mr. MAGUIRE.

NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

MR. R. S. LAUDER, the President of this Society, will be generally deemed President of the year's exhibition, and not altogether unreasonably. Few works in the rooms are able to compete with his; while no artist of at all comparable merits in the same line of art—Mr. Mc IAN excepted—is so large an exhibitor. Mr. LAUDER'S works are always indicative of practice and skill,—a skill that is sometimes elevation, and in which a strong perception of beauty is often manifest, and a practice which merges not unfrequently into mannerism. By no painter is the Scotch system of colour—the asphaltum and the glazes resulting in a certain dead

richness of tone, at once superficially transparent and essentially heavy,—carried to greater excess; yet at the same time we recognise in Mr. LAUDER a true feeling for method and arrangement of colour. Of this quality (No. 166), *Maitre Pierre, Quentin Durward, and Jaqueline*, is his most striking example in the present year, with a very pleasing effect of brilliancy and light in the female figure. Superior to this, however, in delineation of character, is *Gallioti the Astrologer, showing Louis II. the first Specimen of Printing* (No. 45.) The crafty close-minded king, in the former very poor and common, is here embodied with considerable success, and well contrasted with the noble physical presence of the intellectual Charlatan. In No. 180, *Christ appearing to two of his Disciples on the way to Emmaus*, Mr. LAUDER has attempted a very trying subject, calling for the highest qualifications of mind; it is the supernatural expressed in human forms and actions, and become the mystic,—what is more, the unconsciously mystic. Awfulness there must be in it; but an awfulness merely felt,—an influence rather than a manifestation. There is some realization of this in the figure of the risen Saviour, standing shadowed from the sunset, and in the Disciples, whose hearts "burn within them," though they know not their Lord; but the accessional solemnity of the scene is more of the painter's brush than of nature or the man's soul,—a fault in this instance of the intellect fully as much as of executive purpose. Three small landscape hints from the same hand; they aim at nothing more definite—have largeness of character: the meaning of each scene has been clearly apprehended, and is stamped harshly and at once on the canvass, with a dramatic feeling, as it were. Quality is substituted for fact—and with a power that is, exceptionally, its own warrant—in the drench of rain compelling all things to itself (No. 281); and in the absolute deadness of luxuriance in the *Vine-Ensano* (No. 287.) We hope to see more of these suggestive essays from Mr. LAUDER.

It is only because of the association of names and kinship, that we turn next to Mr. J. ECKFORD LAUDER, to protest against the misuse of some number of square feet of space, in *Mal-apropos; or, One too many* (No. 260)—a small subject treated on a large scale of size and dullness—devoid of humour as of beauty. *The Cradle and the Spinning-wheel* (No. 179) is more creditable, but strongly marked with the besetting sin of greenish-brown in the background and shadows. No. 283, *Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus returning from the Hunt*, where they discover IMOGEN in the cave is, in every respect, the extreme of commonplace.

There is not, in the Exhibition, anything finer than—we might almost say so fine as—one figure in Mr. Mc IAN'S *Highland Coronach* (No. 76)—that of the man (the brother, we suppose, of the dead NIEL MACDONALD) kissing his dagger for an oath of vengeance. The sentiment is deep, the action forcible, without violence. This figure and the murdered man constitute the tragedy, the other actors being little better, comparatively, than supernumeraries; we might, indeed, except the woman who rocks her body in anguish, were the intention rendered with greater vividness. The colour, as in all Mr. Mc IAN'S works, lacks force; but the one great point of the picture has power enough to show that the artist, pursuing his steady course of progress, cannot stop short of excellence. His most remarkable contribution, next to this, is a subject imagined with historical as well as dramatic appropriateness. No. 55, "*Here's his Health in Water*," represents "a Highland gentleman of 1715, in Carlisle Prison, the day previous to his execution, receiving the last visit of his mother, wife, and children, and instilling into his son—the future Highland gentleman of 1745—the principles of loyalty." While admitting the value of the intention, however, we cannot say much in praise of the picture; and we may observe that the expression of the father appears to be of anger instead of anxiety.

Mrs. Mc IAN'S pictures are always more or less pleasing, because always thoroughly feminine. In her only work of this year, *Captivity and Liberty* (No. 244), a very graceful sentiment is gracefully conveyed, and with much executive skill. Two gipsy women—confined, it may be supposed, as vagrants, with a boy, and an infant at the breast, are watching a swallow that comes to make its nest between their prison bars. A more complete exemplification of the subject could scarcely be, or expressed with more simplicity and quietness. The

chiaroscuro of the picture is truthfully managed; and there is, in the hands and arms, a womanly feeling for prettiness, even a degree of beauty, but which is entirely distinct from insipidity. In conclusion, if we must be critical, we would urge the one objection, that there is some deficiency of class character in the heads: the fact of the woman's gipsyhood not being strikingly apparent, until certain accessorial incidents—such as a pack of cards in the pocket of one—are observed.

Mr. ARMITAGE'S *Samson* (No. 57)—avowedly a study only—has some breadth of character and drawing in the French manner: the foxes that are to be "turned loose among the Philistines," are well intended, but look somewhat comic. A sense of humour is apparent also in No. 205, *Combining Physical with Moral Consolation*, a monk exhorting an ugly and toothache-agonized old Roman woman, to allow him to operate her deliverance. (*Edipus and Antigone* (No. 201), belongs to the French school as well, but to a deservedly obsolete section of it—that of DAVID.

Mr. L. W. DESANGES is, as usual, a very extensive exhibitor in canvasses and red and blue lights. His most conspicuous work, *The Excommunication of Robert King of France, and his Queen, Bertha* (No. 159), is the last scene in a "grand melo-dramatic historical spectacle," "an awful dénouement" with three notes of admiration to it. Would we might hope it were the dénouement also of Mr. DESANGES' attempt in this style of art! We were about to say that the cast includes the "whole strength of the company"—but, indeed, it is more like the prima donna and some one star of the minors performing the whole round of their favourite characters simultaneously. One exception we allow, that of the comic man in the costume of a soldier. The dresses and properties have evidently been got up, "regardless of expense;" and, though we cannot remember hearing of the piece when it appeared, we are certain it must have been a "triumphant success" and drawn "overflowing houses." What shall we say of Mr. DESANGES' other large contribution, *The Crucifixion*, (No. 71)? Perhaps the artist's name in connexion with the subject treated has sufficiently characterized it; and we will only add, in justice, that it stands described as "a sketch." There are ten other works of his—portraits and small subjects of a fanciful nature—of which (Nos. 232 and 233), *Night and Morning*,—a fairy shutting and opening the cup of a flower—are the most prettily conceived.

Mr. NEWENHAM has contracted a forced loan with the Bank of M. DELAROCHE in producing *The Princes in the Tower* (No. 225), and believers in the proverb, that ill-got wealth never prospers, will anticipate the result. He has, however, opened up one vein of sympathy for his admirers which had escaped the "merely actual" notions of the Frenchman, by representing the princes as younger than they were,—one of them not more than seven years old at the utmost.

"True fiction hath in it a higher aim Than fact!"—

says PHILIP BAILEY: and Mr. NEWENHAM may very likely have proceeded on the assumption that his is true fiction,—a point we have our own opinion on.

Who is not familiar with Mr. H. BARRAUD'S "*Lord have mercy upon us*," and "*We praise Thee, O God*?"—those spontaneous outpourings of an intensely devotional mind which have blessed the eyes of thousands from the print-shop windows, have excited the emulation of even such an artist as Mr. T. BROOKS, and have answered one of the soul-cravings of the tea-party British lion, and, above all, one very reasonable one of their author. The National Institution enshrines the oil-paintings or washings, from which the prints are taken, (Nos. 264 and 265.) Hitherto it had appeared impossible that we could ever prefer those engraving to anything: but we have no hesitation in avowing our error, inasmuch as they are decidedly preferable to the original creations. It is generally supposed that such qualities as colour and texture are essential to a picture, that something like nature and expression are demanded in every work of art, even that drawing is not entirely out of place. The public, however, has decided against these theories, and such theorists as ourselves. It might be objected that hands are not bunches of radishes, or human hair and flesh what Mr. BARRAUD makes them; but we shall be told that the religious sentiment of the works can dispense with the adventitious aid other artists of less elevated views are compelled

to have recourse to. It might never be further objected that perhaps this is not the highest religious sentiment: but the printsellers' subscription lists put us to shame. We are clearly wrong: and, until our darkened judgment shall have been enlightened, must hold our peace. Among Mr. BARRAUD'S other works at this gallery we would particularly direct his admirers' attention to (No. 226), *Playmates*, certain that it cannot fail of affording them satisfaction.

Reserving for the present, our notice of the pictures of Messrs. D. G. ROSETTI and DEVERELL, which may be better considered with reference to certain others at the Royal Academy, not much remains to be said of works in this class of art. *Marie Antionette with her Children, escaping by the Secret Door from her Apartment in Versailles, when the Palace was attacked by the Mob* (No. 106), by Mr. MARSHALL CLAXTON, is too large to be overlooked,—unfortunately for the painter. SHELLEY'S *Queen Mob*:

"Long did she gaze and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid."

is illustrated by Mr. J. HARRIS, in a picture, which shows a feeling for beauty, though the improbable, or indeed impossible arrangement, and the general sketchiness of execution, cannot be excused. By the same artist, is a well-painted portrait of the late *Lord Mayor, Sir James Duke* (No. 263), a capital likeness, in which the most appropriate points of character have been judiciously seized upon. Mr. D. W. DEANE is in numerical force and qualitative weakness; intrinsically, we mean; for, comparatively, *The Castle of Indolence* (No. 93), a kind of dim and far-off tradition of the most obvious points in Mr. KENNEDY'S style—ranks high in the artist's catalogue; as does also No. 251, an incident from the "*Decameron*." No. 91 is an amusing instance of subject-spinning. An academy study, the same as Mr. ANTHONY'S No. 405, in the Suffolk-street Exhibition, figures under Mr. DEANE'S creative brush, as *Fra Bartolomeo in the Convent of St. Mark*. Mr. O. R. CAMPBELL, in a passage from MOORE'S "*Epicurean*" (122), appears to have attempted a classical severity; but it is a severity of mere mechanism: the outlines are defined with more than commendable hardness, while the drawing is slovenly and incorrect. Mr. O. R. CAMPBELL also exhibits *St. John Writing the Revelations* (No. 81.)

Another artist, who, aiming at the illustration of SHAKSPEARE, has certainly mistaken his vocation, is Mr. C. DUKES. His selection of subject is not the most refined (No. 174), and his treatment would vulgarize any subject. Of this, *Italian Devotion* (No. 211), is equally a proof. The models seem to have been chosen for their coarseness; and the result is something a shade worse, perhaps, in intention than Mr. BARRAUD'S, as seen with our present unconverted eyes. We will do no more than just name an astounding performance, by Mr. A. TUSSELL, *Thought is free—Caliban, Ariel, and his Fellows* (No. 27), a work which baffles description. When we have named a small picture by Mr. J. G. WALLER, *The Paternoster; A Recollection, Cologne* (No. 33), very simple in feeling and arrangement, and in execution, to an almost inartistic point, and *John of Leyden, King of Zion* (No. 224), by Professor BAKER, of Dresden, a work conceived on somewhat academic principles, but not wanting in appropriate character. We need only mention the names of Messrs. WINGFIELD, BUSS, PASMORE, and M. WOOD, as among the exhibitors.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE *Art Journal* says—A noble edifice has just been completed on the site of the old meeting-house and of its ancient predecessor, the "Barn of John Ruff head," where the glorious dreamer himself ministered to his townfolk. The style of the building is that in use immediately after the time of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren; of which there are but few good examples in the country, and those generally by Gibbs, the celebrated architect of St. Martin's Church. The presentation of the Royal Gold Medal to Mr. Barry, the architect, at the Institute of British Architects, took place on Monday evening week, in presence of a numerous meeting of the Fellows and Associates—over which Earl de Grey presided.—The fine statue of Eve, by Mr. Powers, the American artist, was recently lost on the Spanish coast by the wreck of the vessel on board of

which it was placed for transit to the United States.

—The twenty-second Exhibition of objects of Art by living artists is to be opened this year at Amsterdam, on Tuesday, the 20th of August next, to be closed on Saturday, the 21st of September following, in the building of the Academy of Fine Arts.—The *Brussels Herald* announces that the statue which is to crown the Rouppe fountain, opposite the Station du Midi, at Brussels, has just been placed on that monument. The statue, of white marble, was executed by M. Fraikin, and represents the city of Brussels.

DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The great musical event of the season, the production of a new opera, so long anticipated, so much talked about, has occurred, with unmixed gratification to all concerned—the audience, the manager, the composer, and the performers. On Saturday night last, the house was a brilliant spectacle, being crowded in every part with anxious expectants. The piece announced was *The Tempest*; the libretto written by no less a personage than SCRIBE, the composer HALEVY; and both of them present to superintend the bringing out of their own production. As the name indicates, the ground-work of the plot is SHAKSPEARE'S play, but for operatic purposes it has been varied in the machinery. The whole strength of the company was exhibited in the cast of the characters—LABLACHE taking *Caliban*; SONTAG, *Miranda*; CARLOTTA GRISI, *Ariel*; COLETTI, *Prospero*; PARODI, *Stefano*. The piece opened with a capital scene; the ship, with its complement of sailors, sailing merrily on, when *Ariel* descends, commands them to sleep, summons about him the attendant spirits of the isle, and raises a fearful storm; the crew start from their forced slumber; they express their terror in bursts of fine wild chorus. As the storm increases, they kneel and sing together a beautiful hymn, one of the most charming airs in the opera; but the waves still rise, and the ship sinks into them before the eyes of the excited audience. This is, as it were, the prologue to the piece. The first act introduces us into a woody spot in the island, and a dialogue between *Prospero*, *Miranda*, and *Caliban*, in which the latter shows his morose nature. *Ariel* appears, and at the bidding of *Prospero*, by exquisite music, draws the young *Ferdinand* to the spot where *Miranda* stands. They at once become enamoured. In this act, the air "Where the bee sucks," has been introduced with very fine effect. *Miranda's* "Parmi una voce" is a fresh and original air, full of feeling and expression, and the trio with *Prospero*, *Caliban*, and *Miranda*, "In quest isola rapita," is, perhaps, the finest composition in the opera. The second act introduces the first departure from the plot of SHAKSPEARE. *Caliban* is informed by *Sycorax*, that certain flowers which she indicates will, if plucked and waved, obtain for him any three wishes. He uses one to imprison *Ariel* in a fir tree, and another to lull *Miranda* to sleep. Then, seizing her, he bears her off in triumph, still having about him the third flower, which will secure the third wish of the bearer. The scene then changes to the shore of the island, where are assembled all the sailors saved from the shipwreck, headed by *Stefano* (PARODI), who sings a spirited drinking song in a most spirited and effective style. *Caliban* approaches, carrying the senseless *Miranda*. The sailors beset him, tempt him with liquor; he drinks; he is intoxicated; *Miranda* seizes the flower, and is delivered from his dominion. The entire of this scene is conceived, composed, and acted with wonderful spirit. PARODI is brilliant, proving himself to be as great an actress as vocalist. The effect of the grouping of the sailors is striking, and all fell into their proper places, and made up the *coup d'œil* with as much care and attention as if each felt that the result was dependent upon himself. On this, too, M. HALEVY has lavished the best of his music. It was rapturously applauded by the audience. Of this *The Times* says—"Some reminiscences of the music of *Caliban* in the first act, assigned to the orchestra, give way to a *morceau d'ensemble* in A flat for *Miranda* and *Caliban*, accompanied at intervals by *Stefano*, *Trinculo*, and the chorus; the subject is the despair of *Miranda*, the gradual intoxication of *Caliban*, and the jeers of *Stefano* and his associates, who have been plying him with liquor. As a specimen of elaborate vocal writing

this concerted piece bears a resemblance to some of the best Italian models of ROSSINI and his school; the melody is expressive and ably developed, while the subsequent working up in the orchestra, by means of an exciting and well conducted *crescendo*, leads with immense spirit to the climax, "Se tutto gira," a bacchanalian air in E flat, of strongly marked rhythm, lively and impetuous in character, by means of which *Caliban's* drunkenness is depicted with striking force. The melody partakes at once of the drinking song and the dance, and the chiming in of the chorus between the couplets adds to the vivacity of the effect. The climax is exceedingly animated, and when *Caliban's* inflamed to the uttermost by repeated draughts of wine, joins desperately in the dance, the orchestral accompaniments gathering force as the song proceeds, the whole offers a striking combination of musical and dramatic effect which easily explains the *furor* and the triple recall for LABLACHE on Saturday night." In the third act, *Antonio* and *Alonso* are brought to *Prospero*, who reproaches them with their crimes. *Ariel* is released—*Miranda* and *Fernando* appear—the scene changes to the island shore, where the ship, *manned*, if the term may be allowed, with sprites, waits to bear them to their kingdom—a triumph of pictorial art. This change is introduced with the melody enwoven, in English reminiscences, with *The Tempest*, "Where the bee sucks," and it concludes with an air exquisitely sung by SONTAG. Our impression of the entire opera, as music, apart from its acting and scenic effects, is however, that M. HALEVY has not produced a work that will live. It will be popular, and have a run, but we doubt whether it will be remembered twenty years hence. One test of this is, that there is so little in it, which the memory carries away. The most apt to catch an air did not quit the theatre on Saturday with *three* in his mind. This, in music as in poetry, is a certain test of the amount of *genius* in a composition, for original genius at once makes itself palpable to the mind, and fixes itself for ever upon the memory. The skill displayed in this work is wonderful, and there is much science and some mastery effect, but there is little *genius*, in our sense of the term. The acting was admirable, and would alone have saved an inferior opera. LABLACHE's conception and personation of *Caliban* was thoroughly original, and superior to any we have ever seen. He *made-up* wonderfully, and looked, as well as acted, the monster. CARLOTTA GRISI's *Ariel*, was another miracle of personation. We had anticipated an absurdity in a dancing *Ariel*; but we found an embodiment of the poetical dream, even more suggestive than the *Ariels* of the stage. Her grace and delivery were almost preternatural. If she could but have sung, it would have been perfect; but her pantomime is the music and the poetry of motion. No cost nor care has been wanting on the part of the management to put it worthily on the stage. The scenery throughout is superb, and the effect of masses was never more strikingly shown. We are beginning to understand this: it has long been known in Italy. The applause was enthusiastic; HALEVY was dragged reluctantly before the curtain, in the giant grasp of LABLACHE, who looked as if he was going to eat him, while the frightened little composer looked as if he was going to be eaten. SCRIBE was called for, and bowed from a box, as did Mr. LUMLEY, for whom the cheers were so continued that it seemed as if they would never subside. It was a novel and exciting scene. This splendid opera will be repeated twice a week, at least, through the season, and we need scarcely recommend every reader who has the opportunity, to enjoy the great treat it will give him.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—This Temple of Music devotes itself steadily to the performance of the great works of the best composers, which, with such an Orchestra and so powerful a Company, it is able to produce in a style, the like of which was never heard in Europe. *Don Giovanni* has been repeated, with FORMES as *Leporello*, whose personation of the character is a work of genius, giving to it quite a new and effective reading. The whole of the cast was admirable, and the Orchestra divine. *Norma*, *Roberto il Diavolo*, and *Les Huguenots* have also been repeated, always to crowded and delighted houses. We understand that VIARDOT GARCIA is daily expected, and that then *Le Prophete* is to be revived with the same splendour that created a *furor* at the close of the last season. From the

almost unvarying throng at this Opera, we trust that it is proving a more profitable speculation than in former years. Its management is very judicious and deserves success, as, indeed, do all engaged in it, for they spare no efforts to be worthy of the fame they have acquired.

THE HAYMARKET.—The only fresh piece brought forward at this house is a comic drama, entitled *None but the Brave deserve the Fair*. It is adapted from the French, by Mr. B. WEBSTER. There is little to attract in the play, and it was formerly produced under another name at the Lyceum.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE was closed on Saturday "for the season," but so general was the call for a lengthening of the term, that on Monday the bills announced a compliance. During the week the house has been crowded. *Novelty Fair* gains much in popularity, the rapid songs of Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS and the pretty parodies sung by Miss ST. GEORGE, gaining encores nightly. *The Island of Jewels* and other favourite pieces, have also been repeated.

ADELPHI.—A little wit and a good deal of nonsense are the best elements of a piece for an Adelphi audience. A burlesque on *Esmeralda*, brought out last week, pleases amazingly. Its finest parts are the Truandaise dance, by Madame CELESTE and WRIGHT, and the tableaux. Thus far, there is faithfulness to the original ballet: but we object strongly to such expedients for exciting mirth, as the drawing of prizes from a Lowther Arcade lottery box and distributing them among the audience, and the appearance of Mr. WRIGHT in the boxes, in the dress of a woman, as a fortunate winner. But for the great talent of the Adelphi company, such expedients surely would have been condemned in the Strand. We would hint to the managers not to outrage dramatic propriety, for themselves will, in the long run, lose by the degradation they beget for the dramatic art.

THE NEW STRAND THEATRE.—The event of the week has been the retirement of Mrs. GLOVER: her last appearance was an affecting sight. Mrs. GLOVER delivered the following farewell address:—"Ladies and gentlemen: I appear before you for the last time as an actress, after a service of fifty-three years before the public in London; and, although it is possible I may on one more occasion address you in my profession, this is the termination of my actual theatrical career. I want words to express the feelings of gratitude which actuate my bosom for favours received through so long a period of professional service. To my excellent and kind friend Mr. FARREN, I am indebted for the opportunity of meeting you in this charming little theatre to fulfil my last engagement, and to his admirable troupe for their able assistance on every occasion where their zeal and talent have been required. I beg leave to offer them and Mr. FARREN my most grateful thanks and best wishes. Be pleased, ladies and gentlemen, to receive from me once more my most sincere acknowledgments for past favours, and to bid you a respectful farewell." A performance for Mrs. GLOVER's benefit will shortly be given at one of the large theatres, under the patronage of the Queen.

THE MARYLEBONE THEATRE has closed for the season. The characters performed by Mr. BROOKE during the last week, were, *Hotspur*, *Macbeth*, *Sir Edward Mortimer*, and *William Tell*. The latter piece was well put on the stage, and Mr. BROOKE's impersonation of Tell produced a favourable impression on a numerous audience.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Some additions have lately been made to the gallery of arts in this place. The specimens are of the first style of engraving, and consist of prints from paintings, by E. LANDSEER and HERRING, and are designated *Waiting for the Countess*, and *Pharaoh's Horses*. They are both engraved by CHARLES WAGS, and are fine specimens of art.

PANORAMA OF THE NILE, EGYPTIAN HALL.—An interesting addition has been made, showing the Nubian Desert to Dongola. It was exhibited on Wednesday week to a select party; when Mr. BIRCH, of the British Museum, read a very elaborate paper on the ancient process of embalming—and on the religious feelings and superstitions of the Egyptians in so preparing the bodies. This he illustrated by reference to a mummy, which the proprietors have lately added to their collection of antiquities.

DIORAMA OF IRELAND.—Since Her Majesty's visit to Ireland last summer, the Sister country has become a

favourite field for artists. The painting at Hyde Park Corner was executed by Mr. PHILIP PHILLIPS, who went expressly to Ireland to collect materials to illustrate the various scenes connected with the Royal Progress through some of the finest scenery in that country; and if he has made his picture rather too flattering, still there is enough of novelty in it to induce tourists and pleasure-seekers to visit a country whose natural attractions have of late been so prominently brought before us. Our friends may spend a very pleasant hour in viewing what is truthfully termed "An Historical Sketch of Queen Victoria's Visit to Ireland."

VAUXHALL GARDENS are the gay attraction for hot evenings; and the means provided for gratifying the numerous assemblages that throng thither are unusually spirited. The pyrotechnic displays have for their scene a pictorial representation of the Kremlin, at Moscow. This is well executed, and the various objects represented show well when lighted up by the brilliant showers of sparks and blaze that Mr. DARBY creates. The "royal property" is bespangled with lamps, burning occasionally in pretty designs. The vocal and instrumental concert, the equestrian performances, the scene of equitation, panoramic views, tableaux vivans, marble groupings, and a host of other sources of amusement, await the visitor—but we cannot describe the effect produced by each.

THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—MONSIEUR JULLIEN'S NEW DERBY GALOP.—The phlegmatic Englishman really owes a debt of gratitude to this indefatigable "leader of the dance." Season after season he invariably brings forward something to animate and enliven the otherwise staid and sober denizens of these foggy isles. Yesterday evening another of these contributions appeared in the shape of a "Derby Galop." The title is a happy one, and coming at this season in which these spirit-stirring events take place, we have little doubt of its proving a decided hit. But the title is not its only merit; it is a dashing, spirited composition, possessing many of those brilliant features which distinguish the composer's former productions, and will, we feel assured, rank as a popular favourite with the Army and Navy Quadrilles, the Drum Polka, &c. &c. The Journey Down, the Start, the Race, the Victory and the Final Event, brings forward the entire force of this really magnificent orchestra in the most extraordinary manner. The Hungarian Quadrille, the Selection from the *Prophete*, and several other popular and scientific pieces, were given with great precision and effect. The gardens were crowded, and if such an entertainment as the Menagerie, DANSON's colossal view of the Alps, the Promenade Concerts, the representation of Bonaparte and his Army crossing the Alps, and the gorgeous Fireworks fail to draw crowds, we cannot imagine what will.

CREMORNE GARDENS were never so loaded with pleasure-seekers. Race week has in no way influenced the crowds who throng to this favourite resort.

LEARNED BIRDS.—A private exhibition of a family of goldfinches, cardinals, and other domestic birds, took place on Thursday, at No. 2, Baker-street, Portman-square, which promises to become extremely popular. Mdlle. VANDERMARSH, the instructress of these feathered aspirants for publicity, has brought her teaching to a remarkable degree of perfection, and some of the results are really astonishing. The company present choose cards—put private marks upon sovereigns—whisper words to one another, and the like, when the birds in question, at the command of their mistress, hop out of the golden cages in which they are placed, and select the elucidations from a tray of tablets, with the exactness of wizards. How the little creatures have been taught to do all this we are at a loss to conceive; but they never make mistakes. On the contrary, they flip the cards from the pack with a certainty that provokes admiration. It is amusing to see them search for the proposed card; and watch the pertinacity with which they peck about the edges until they detect the one they seek for; and not less so the fluttering energy they expend while extracting it from the heap in which it lies buried. Mdlle. VANDERMARSH, wand in hand, superintends the operations, but seems, nevertheless, to leave the birds entirely to themselves, and no conjuring was ever more accurate in its disclosures. The patience and ingenuity of this lady is thus establishing a species of intelligence in the branch of the creation that is not usually very ready to be taught, are forcibly exempli-

fied in this exhibition, which may be placed among the prettiest and the most interesting that the metropolis contains.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE *Greenock Advertiser* announces that Lord Cockburn is engaged on a life of his late distinguished friend and brother judge, Lord Jeffrey.—M. Guizot is said to be preparing a *History of Russia*, as a companion to his great works on the English Revolution and on Civilization.—Miss Brontë, the authoress of *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*, says a London correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* (U. S.), "is the survivor of three sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, who each have been before the public under the assumed name of Bell; Charlotte as Currer Bell, Emily as Ellis Bell, and Anne as Acton Bell. Emily published a volume of poems under her assumed name of Ellis Bell; and Anne wrote *Wildfell Hall* as Acton Bell; Emily and Anne both died consumptive, but Charlotte remains, and we hope will long continue to do so, to amuse and instruct the world with some more of the lucubrations of Currer Bell."—The Treasury has now come to a determination to reduce the price of the *Monumenta Historica Britannica* to three guineas.—It is proposed to erect a monument in honour of Cowper, the poet, in Westminster Abbey, from a design by Mr. W. C. Marshall, A.R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1849.—Dr. Hoefer, of Paris, who had denied the authenticity of the ruins of Nineveh, which have made the names of Layard and Botta so celebrated, has published a work on the subject, and this work is at present exciting very considerable sensation in our literary and scientific circles.

Dr. Macrae, civil surgeon at Howrah, has, according to the *Indian Times*, discovered a new and most successful mode of treating cholera patients. He causes them to inhale a certain preparation of oxygen gas which communicates a strong stimulus to the frame, and finally throws the patient into a refreshing sleep. On awakening, he finds himself restored to health, with the exception of the general weakness which always succeeds any physical prostration.—The scientific men of Paris continue to be occupied, almost to the exclusion of every other matter, with M. Arago's communications on light, the result of many years' study and experimentation. In the last two sittings of the Académie des Sciences he read more paper on the subject, and he has not yet got to the end of his budget. After combating, and, as the French allege, proving the erroneousness of certain theories of Newton, the distinguished gentleman, in his last treatises, laid down that Herschell and other astronomers are in error in supposing that the light and heat of the sun are less strong towards the edges than in the centre; and this theory he supported by the detail of some most singular experiments and a good deal of most ingenious reasoning.—On Tuesday week the sessional meetings of the Institution of Civil Engineers were terminated by a *Conversazione* given by Mr. Cubitt, the President, at the house of the Institution.—The society of Belgian literati have, the *Brussels Herald* says, recently published the first number of a bulletin which they purpose issuing each month for the purpose of reviewing and defending the literature of their country.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

In waking dreams a ladder do I make
By which to Fancy's peerless realms I climb;
And, looking onward past the mists of Time,
My earth-born thirst at Heaven-found fountains slake:
From wholesome branches juicy fruit I take
That serve for food; and flowers in constant prime
I pluck, remembering still that Adam's crime
Made Adam's son to sin and sorrow wake!
Alas! not even in Dream land, 'midst the star
Of Fancy's sky is that dark deed forgot!—
We feel in sleep the burden of our lot,
And yielding to one thought all rest that mars,
Shake our frail ladder at the skylark's call,
Till at its foot in helplessness we fall!

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S SHOES.

Two little, rough-worn, stubbed shoes,
A plump, well-trodden pair;
With striped stockings thrust within,
Lie just behind my chair.
Of very homely fabric they,
A hole is in each toe,
They might have cost, when they were new,
Some fifty cents or so.
And yet this little worn-out pair
Is richer far to me,
Than all the jewelled sandals are
Of Eastern luxury.
This mottled leather, cracked with use,
Is satin in my sight;
Those little tarnished buttons shine,
With all a diamond's light.
Search through the wardrobe of the world!
You shall not find me there,
So rarely made, so richly wrought,
So glorious a pair.
And why? Because they tell of her,
Now sound asleep above,
Whose form is moving beauty, and
Whose heart is beating love.
They tell me of her merry laugh;
Her rich, whole-hearted glee,
Her gentleness, her innocence,
And infant purity.
They tell me that her wavering steps
Will long demand my aid;
For the old road of human life
Is very roughly laid.
High hills and swift descents abound;
And on so rude a way,
Feet that can wear these coverings,
Would surely go astray.
Sweet little girl! be mine the task
Thy feeble steps to tend!
To be thy guide, thy counsellor,
Thy playmate and thy friend!
And when my steps shall faltering grow,
And thine be firm and strong,
Thy strength shall lead my tottering age,
In cheerful peace along!

SPUR MONEY.—In a curious tract, published in 1598, under the title of *The Children of the Chapel stript and whipt*, we have the following passage:—"Wee think it very necessary that every quorister sholde bringe with him to churche a Testament in Englishe, and turne to everie chapter as it is daily read, or som other good and godly prayer-booke, rather than spend their tyme in talk and hunting after "spur money," whereon they set their whole mindes, and do often abuse dyvers if they doe not bestowe somewhat on them."—In 1622 the dean of the Chapel Royal issued an order by which it was decreed—"That if anie Knight, or other persone entituled to weare spurs, enter the chappell in that guise, he shall pay to ye quiristers the accustomed fine; but if he command ye youngest quirister to repeate his "gamut," and he faile in ye so doing, the said Knight, or other, shall not pay ye fine." This curious extract I copied from the ancient check-book of the Chapel Royal. Within my recollection his Grace the Duke of Wellington (who by the way is an excellent musician) entered the Royal Chapel "booted and spurred," and was, of course, called upon for the fine; but his Grace, calling upon the youngest chorister to repeat his gamut, and the "little urchin" failing, the impost was not demanded.—Edward F. Rimbault—*Notes and Queries*.

A FRENCHMAN'S IMPROVEMENT ON MILTON.—A. M. Jussieu has recently been enlightening the world of Nice by a series of lectures on English poetry. Milton was the subject of one of them, but having been pronounced wanting by M. Jussieu, he kindly supplied the omissions of the poet by a long composition of his own, the reading of which occupied nearly an hour. He considered that Milton's defect was in leaving Hope

out of his descriptions, and to remedy the deficiency he has imagined Adam and Eve, after their expulsion from Paradise, as taking refuge amongst the orange groves and olive grounds of Nice, and the Archangel Michael appearing to them on an eminence where stands the *Faro* overlooking the blue expanse of ocean. Eve and her spouse console themselves with mutual compliments, each expressing a hope that the first child born to them will resemble the respective parent who offers the other "ses homages." The audience, chiefly French, who listened to these characteristic improvements, were highly delighted. The following is a specimen of M. Jussieu's additions:—

"Eve voit les oiseaux, les nomme, les appelle,
Mais sa voix vainement parle à la tourterelle,
Elle dit au rossignol qui s'enfuit à ses pas
'Ne viens-tu pas d'Eden—ne me connais-tu pas?'
Chagrinée elle s'arrête; envolé d'une rose
Un papillon se trompe et sur son sein se pose,
En palpitant de l'aile, 'Oh,' dit elle, 'merci,
Ton bonjour m'est bien doux—je te connais aussi.'"

Rather like Milton this! M. Jussieu, like "my uncle Toby," is uneasy at the eternal condemnation of the foul fiend, and takes his pardon upon himself. For this act of clemency the lecturer has been attacked by the "Echo des Alpes" as not orthodox: several persons have undertaken to defend both M. Jussieu and the devil himself; and so many hard things have been said on the occasion that a trial has ensued, which is at this moment occupying the attention of every one at Nice. Milton, it appears, is terribly torn to pieces in the fray.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this title a periodical collects and diffuses the information required or possessed by its readers on literary matters. A column of THE CRITIC may, perhaps, be usefully devoted to the same good purpose. Any reader requiring information on any topic, should forward his query, and readers who can answer it are requested to do so.]

ANOTHER "CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE."

I SHOULD be glad, Messrs. Editors, through the medium of your valuable weekly, to get some information or opinion respecting a piece by one Chénédollé, called an *Ode to the Sea*, translated on page 482 of "Longfellow's European Poetry." The most remarkable thing about the piece, after its intrinsic grandeur, is the fact that it is reproduced, with almost every one of its most marked images, and very phrases in Byron's famous apostrophe to the Ocean in *Childe Harold*. I should be glad to have you print the translation, if you have room, for the purpose of comparison. Now, as Chénédollé was born in 1770, it would seem that Byron must be the thief, or highway robber, unless the translator has Byronized the Frenchman. If the translation is liberal, I fear it is a parallel case to Coleridge's appropriation of Frederika Brunn's sublime Hymn to Mont Blanc, a process which his nephew so lamely defends. Who is Chénédollé, and can any one produce the original piece?

Yours, C. T. B.

The following is the Poem from Longfellow's Collection, alluded to:—

ODE TO THE SEA

At length I look on thee again,
Abyss of azure! thou vast main,
Long by my verse implored in vain,
Alone inspired by thee!
The magic of thy sounds alone
Can raise the transports I have known;
My harp is mute, unless its tone
Be waked beside the sea.

The heights of Blanc have fired mine eyes,
Those three bare mounts that touch the skies.
I loved the terror of thy brow,
I loved their diadem of snow,—
But O thou wild and awful sea,
More dear to me,

Thy threatening, drear immensity!

Dread Ocean! burst upon me with thy shores!

Fling wide thy waters where the storms bear sway!

Thy bosom opens to a thousand pores;

Yet fleets with idle daring breast thy spray.

Ripple with arrow's track thy closing plain,

And graze the surface of thy deep domain.

Man dares not tread thy liquid way;
Thou spurn'st that despot of a day,
Tossed like a snowflake or the spray
From storm-gulfs to the skies;
He breathes and reigns on solid land,
And ruin marks his tyrant hand;
Thou bidd'st him in that circle stand,
Thy reign his rage defies;
Or should he force his passage there,
Thou risest, mocking his despair;
The shipwreck humbles all his pride:
He sinks within the darksome tide,—
The surge's vast unfathomed gloom
His catacomb,—
Without a name without a tomb.
Thy banks are kingdoms, where the shrine, the throne,
The pomp of human things are changed and past;
The people,—they were phantoms,—they are flown;
Time has avenged thee on their strength at last;
The billows idly rest on Sidon's shore,
And her bold pilots wound thy pride no more.
Rome—Athens—Carthage—what are they?
Spoiled heritage, successive prey;
New nations forced their onward way,
And grasp disputed reign;
Thou chagest not; thy waters pour
The same wild waves against the shore,
Where liberty hath breathed before,
And slavery hugs his chain.
States bow; Time's sceptre presses still
On Apennine's subsiding hill;
The steps of ages crumbling slow,
Are stamped upon his arid brow;
No trace of time is left on thee,
Unchanging Sea!
Created thus, and still to be.
Sea! of Almightiness itself the immense
And glorious mirror! how thy azure face
Renews the heavens in their magnificence!
What awful grandeur rounds thy heaving space!
Thy surge two worlds eternal-warring sweeps,
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

GALLOWAY.—On the 7th June, in Grosvenor-square, the Countess of Galloway, of a daughter.
LONGMAN.—On the 10th June, the wife of William Longman, Esq., of 36, Hyde-park-square, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

CASLON.—At Boulogne, on the 28th May, aged 64, Mr. Caslon, the eminent type founder of London.
DUNCAN.—Last week, in London, aged 66, James Duncan, Esq., long known as a respectable publisher and bookseller in Paternoster-row. Mr. Duncan was a Scotsman, and began his business career in Edinburgh, from which place he came to London, and got into a partnership in Holborn. He afterwards went on by himself, and conducted his affairs with so much astuteness as to have considerable weight on "the trade." Mr. Duncan retired a few years ago, on a well-earned competency.
ROSS.—On the 7th June, in Fitzroy-square, William Ross, Esq., father of Sir William C. Ross, R.A., aged 78.
TALBOT.—On the 28th of April, at Vienna, universally regretted, the Hon. Frances Gabrielle Talbot, sister of Lord Talbot de Malahide, Countess of the Austrian Empire, and Chanoinesse of the Royal Order of St. Anne of Munich.
WYATT.—At Rome, on the 20th May, Mr. Wyatt, the sculptor.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS,

MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,
Published between May 14, and June 14, 1850.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

ART.

Camden Society Works. Fe. 4to. Subscription.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of the Speakers. By J. A. Manning, Esq. Imp. 8vo., 1l. 1s.
Memoirs and Papers of Sir Andrew Mitchell, K.B., Envoy Extraordinary from the Court of Great Britain to the Court of Prussia, from 1756 to 1771. By Andrew Bissett, M.A. 2 v. cl. 8vo., 30s.
A continuation of the Memoirs of a Working Man, published in "Knight's Shilling Volumes." 18mo., 1s.
Heugh, H., D.D., with a Selection from his Works. Demy 8vo. 2 v. 20s.
Lives of Englishmen, Demy 8vo. Vol. 5, 9s.

CLASSICS.

New edition of Griesbach's Greek Testament. Fe. 8vo.

Horace. "Bohn's Classical Library."

EDUCATION.

The Amyot's Home. By the author of "Life's Lessons," "Tales that might be True," &c. Fe. 8vo. 3s.
Drawing from Objects. By Hannah Bolton. 8vo. 7s.

FICTION.

The Old Oak Chest. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 v. post 8vo.
Ellie Forester. By J. Brent, Esq., author of "The Battle Cross." 3 v. post 8vo.
Ada Greville; or Woman's Constancy. By the author of "Bosworth Field," &c. 3 v. 1l. 11s. 6d.
Hope Leslie. By Miss Sedgwick. Fe. 8vo. 1s.
La Vendée; an Historical Romance. By A. Trollope, Esq. 3 v. post 8vo.
Anne Dysart: a Tale of Every-Day Life. 3 v. post 8vo.
Mornings at Matlock. By Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, author of "Titian, an Art Novel." 3 v. post 8vo.
A Merry Christmas. By the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c. 1s. in an illustrated cover.
Old Saint Paul's: a Tale of the Plague and the Fire. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. 2 vols. bds. fe. 8vo. 2s.; cl. 3s.
Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. 2 v. cl. 8vo. 18s.
Olive. By the Author of "The Oglivies." 3 v. cl. 8vo. 31s. 6d.
The Deserter. By Charlotte Elizabeth. 3rd edit. royal 18mo., 3s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.

Gazetteer of the World. Sup. royal 8vo. Parts 2 to 4, 5s. each; complete in about 28 parts.

HISTORY.

Thiers' Works. Part 45, 1s.
The Vale of Cedars. By Grace Aguilar. Fe. 8vo. 6s.
Mackie's Castles and Palaces of Mary of Scotland. New edit. royal 8vo. 25s.
Decline of England. By Ledru Rollin. Vol. 1. post 8vo. 2s. 6d. Vol. 2 on June 5.
James's History of Charlemagne. "Churton's Library for the Million," Part 1. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Knickerbocker's History of New York. "Popular Library." Fe. 8vo. 1s.
The History of Religion, including a condensed statement and investigation of its Natural and Scriptural Evidences. By the celebrated John Evelyn, Esq., author of "Sylvia." 2 v. post 8vo., 21s. bound.
General Pepe's Narrative of the late Events in Italy, from 1847 to 1850, including the Siege of Venice. Now first published from the original Italian Manuscript. 2 v. post 8vo. 21s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Topographer and Genealogist. Part 11, 3s. 6d.
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Lodge's Portraits, Vol. 8. "Bohn's Illustrated Library." Loss of the Regular, East Indianman. 18mo. 1s.
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PERIODICALS.

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WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The following are some of the New Works announced for early publication.

Adelaide Lindsay. A novel. Edited by the author "Emilia Wyndham."
Lilly Dawson. By Mrs. Crewe. Railway Library edit.
Mendelssohn. Variations for the pianoforte.
Moliere. 3 sacred songs for soprano and pianoforte.
Hearts in Mortmain; and Cornelia. A novel.
Historical Analysis of Christian Civilization. By L. Raymond de Vericour.
Social Aspects. By S. S. Smith, author of "Mirabeau; Life Story."

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A Relation of the Missions Paraguay. By Muratori. New Edition.

ERRATUM.

In the notice of *Selections from Bernard Barton's Poems*, in the last Critic (page 277, col. 2), line 6 of the second paragraph, for "ascension power of," read "power asceticism."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The object of this Society is to enable the holder of a lease to secure the repayment of his purchase-money on the expiration of the lease, by a small annual payment during its continuance.

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A Leasehold is at present almost incapable of being used as a security for a loan. But by assuring it with this Society, it will be made as valuable as a Freehold for

THE PURPOSE OF MORTGAGE;

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If a Leasehold be for sale it will have in the market the same or even greater value than freehold, because of its better security, when accompanied with a Policy granted by this Society.

Assurance of Copyholds.

Copyholders are usually liable to pay fines or heriots on death, or change of tenants. These may be provided for by an assurance in this office.

Assurance of Lifeholds.

Property held upon one or more lives may be assured in this office, so that, upon the dropping of the life, the owner will receive a sufficient sum to pay for the renewal of the life or to reimburse him for the loss of the property.

Life Assurance.

This Society will assure all lives whatever, healthy, doubtful and diseased, at proportionate rates of premium, and either upon a scale which entitles the assured to participate in the profits of the Society or upon a lower nonparticipating scale of premiums.

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- 3rd. Policies on the participating scale will receive, by way of bonus, their share of *four-fifths* of the whole profits of the office, which, from the variety of its business will be considerably greater than could be obtained in any other office.
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5th. No charge will be made to the assured for the Medical Report, if the Policy be completed.

6th. Premiums may be paid in one sum, or yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, at the option of the assured.

The Society will also grant ANNUITIES IMMEDIATE OR DEFERRED, AND PRESENT ANNUITIES IN EXCHANGE FOR REVERSIONARY INTERESTS.

The Second Branch of the business of the Society is

The Assurance of Titles.

It is well known that a vast amount of property cannot be sold or mortgaged—because, from some defect in the evidence of title it is unmarketable, although a perfectly good *holding* title—to the infinite inconvenience of families. One of the objects of this Society is to *Assure such Titles*, by means of which such Properties will become as saleable and as secure for the purpose of Mortgage or Sale as any other property, indeed, *more so*, for it will be an absolute security and have a certain value to the extent of the Policy of Assurance.

The Management of Trusts.

The difficulty many persons find in obtaining responsible Executors and Trustees, and the great liabilities which those latter are subject to, have suggested the utility, in such cases, of the duties being undertaken by a wealthy and responsible Society at the charge of a moderate per-centage upon the sum received.

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Lastly, the Society will undertake the

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At present many persons experience great losses from the want of responsibility on the part of Estate Agents and others to whom they are compelled to entrust the collection of the rents.

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